The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 22, 1920

"AS GOES MAINE SO GOES THE COUNTRY"

THE Maine election took place on September 13 for the purpose of choosing a Governor and State Auditor, a State Legislature and county officers, as well as four Representatives at Washington. Of the present Representatives, all Republicans, three were candidates for re-election. The candidates for Governor were Colonel Frederic H. Parkhurst, Republican, former chairman of the Republican State Committee, and Bertrand McIntyre, Democrat, defeated by Governor Milliken two years ago.

The chief issue of the election, for the first time in sixty years, was not liquor; the Eighteenth Amendment has now settled that. Nor was it wholly the League of Nations, although that was a strong factor. The issue was Wilsonism in general—whether voters do or do not want to continue the kind of Administration we have had during nearly eight years. The result shows that Maine folks are more "het up" about it than about any issue ever before them; for the Republicans defeated the Democrats by over 65,000—nearly 20,000 more than the previous Republican record. It was a stunningly "solemn referendum."

While Republicans were confident of victory, they could not anticipate such an avalanche because of uncertainty as to two elements—the women's vote and the French vote. During recent years French Canada has been the source of nearly a fifth of the population of Maine. But woman suffrage was responsible for most of the increase in Republican strength.

The old adage, "As Maine goes so goes the country," is hardly true unless in the September State election a plurality of some 15,000 is obtained. This year's record of over four times that figure encourages Republican managers to assert that the National election has already been practically decided.

THE PRIMARY RESULTS IN WISCONSIN

IN the popular primaries on the 7th and 8th of September three candidates were conspicuous, all nominated for the United States Senatorship—Irvine L. Lenroot in Wisconsin, George H. Moses in New Hampshire, and Thomas E. Watson in Georgia.

Wisconsin has been for a number of years a center of political experiment, and has furnished more than its share of distinguished and interesting men and measures. Among those who rose to influence during the early period of La Follette's influence was Irvine L. Lenroot. He was elected to Congress as a Representative. He has, however, never been a mere echo of Mr. La Follette. Six years ago he became Mr. La Follette's associate in the Senate. His independence has earned Senator La Follette's animosity. His nomination, therefore, is an indication of a defeat for the radical elements in the progressive wing of the Republican party in the State; but there are indications in the opposite direction. The man chosen as the Republican nominee for Governor, John J. Blaine, was once a Stalwart, once a Progressive, once a Wilsonite, and has now been the candidate of Senator La Follette and of the Non-Partisan League. It seems to be, as a correspondent of The Outlook in Wisconsin states it, "a case of fifty-fifty—and the two fifties do not mix well." Apparently, as this correspondent states, "Non-partisanship" has "grafted itself into the Republican party in Wisconsin, and Republican politicians, after making a mighty fuss, will probably end by accepting the new branch as an integral part of the party system—at least for this campaign." The defeat in Wisconsin of Mr. Esch, Representative from a Milwaukee district, joint sponsor with Senator Cummins for the Railway Reorganization Act, would seem to indicate a protest against that Act. The fact, however, that Mr. Lenroot voted for the Act and has made political capital out of the fact indicates that the protest does not come from the State at large.

The Republican nomination will this year at least probably prove equivalent to election.

THE PRIMARY RESULTS IN GEORGIA

WHILE Mr. Lenroot's war record in the Senate was marred by his vote for the McLemore resolution

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THOMAS E. WATSON

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GEORGE H. MOSES

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IRVINE L. LENROOT

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against the arming of merchant vessels, he deserves his renomination and will deserve re-election. As much could not have been said for his fellow-Senator, Hoke Smith, of Georgia. Just before the outbreak of the war, Senator Smith took an attitude which placed cotton above the lives of American citizens on the high seas. A speech of his at that time evoked from Senator Lodge a reply which ought to be preserved, not only as a model of parliamentary address, but as a classic in American literature.

Thomas E. Watson, who replaces Senator Smith (for in Georgia the Democratic nomination is equivalent to election) is one of those demagogic leaders that have been a burden to public life in the South for many years, who thrive on appeal to race and class passion. His book on the French Revolution is a brilliant piece of work, and is evidence of the vigor and acuteness of his mind; but his success does not promise much for progress in his State. Besides Hoke Smith, Thomas Watson had for an opponent in the Senatorial primary Governor Dorsey, who rose to the Governorship as a result of his sensational prosecution of the Frank case, which was a hideous example of the lynching spirit. The people of Georgia have not had much of a choice in this Senatorial contest.

Watson's victory is attributed to his outspoken and implacable opposition to the League of Nations.

THE PRIMARY RESULTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

In the Republican primaries in New Hampshire the contest was between Huntley N. Spaulding and the present Senator, Mr. Moses. Because of his opposition to the League of Nations the effort to defeat Mr. Moses took on a special significance. In spite of the fact that his opponent had the advantage of being in special favor with the women of the State because of his record as Food Administrator, and that Senator Moses had been an opponent of woman suffrage, Mr. Moses's victory was overwhelming. It seems evident, therefore, that in opposing the League of Nations Mr. Moses has had the support of his constituents.

Mr. Lenroot was one of the leaders in opposition to the unmodified Covenant of the League of Nations. Though not as extreme as Senator Borah or Senator Johnson, he was one of those most insistent upon reservations which President Wilson would not accept.

Though Senator Hoke Smith was one of the Democratic opponents of an unmodified Covenant, Mr. Watson is very much more opposed than Senator Smith to the whole plan of the League. Senator Smith's defeat, therefore, instead of being a vote in favor of the League on the part of Georgia, is a most emphatic vote against it.

Practically the whole significance, as we have indicated, of Senator Moses's renomination consists in its being a vote on the part of New Hampshire Republicans against the League.

These three primary elections bring to the uncompromising advocates of the League of Nations little comfort.

THE REPUBLICAN POLICY TOWARD THE FARM

On September 8 Senator Harding delivered an address at the Minnesota State Fair, in which he discussed the problems of American agriculture. Unlike some theorists, he clearly recognized the fact that our farmers are not looking for favors, but that they merely wish to have their calling recognized as a basic industry entitled to profits equivalent to those which are the reward of industrial enterprises.

Senator Harding showed his realization of the fact that, once the farmers are enabled to secure reasonable profits upon their capital and labor, they will themselves take care to provide for themselves and their families all of those social and physical advantages which have drawn our rural population to the urban centers.

To this end Senator Harding urged that farmers be given a greater representation in government. He urged that agricultural associations for the co-operative buying and selling of farm products and supplies should be encouraged. He urged the discontinuance of price-fixing for farm products, and tariff protection where needed. He appealed for a more liberal administration of the Farm Loan Act in order that farm tenancy might be reduced. All of these recommendations are measures which it would be in the power of a Republican Administration to initiate or put in force. They are specific enough to deserve close study, and to influence the country vote upon election day.

MR. HARDING TO BUSINESS MEN

In his latest address, that of September 11, at Marion, Ohio, to a deputation of business men, Mr. Harding explained that "American business is everybody's business;" that the really big business of America means "the little businesses of America."

Senator Harding would "replace the distended executive powers . . . which nearly eight years of misnamed Democracy have brought us," and would do it as follows:

> By ceasing Governmental meddling with business and, on the other hand, by establishing a closer understanding between Government and business.
>
> By employing only trained men in executive places.
>
> By giving decent pay and promotion to Federal employees.
>
> By abolishing overlapping departments and jobs.
>
> By extending the merit system.
>
> By eliminating wasteful expenditures through a National budget.
>
> By readjusting internal taxation.
>
> By rearranging the tariff.
>
> By restoring adequate railway transportation.
>
> By upbuilding the American merchant marine.
>
> By reconstructing the postal service.

All of which is admirable in theory. The vital question is, how much of it will be translated into achievement?

A SUBMARINE ROMANCE

When the true story of the rescue of the crew and officers of our submarine S-5 came to be told, it was even more singular than the first version, which seems to have been in part the conjecture of an imaginative reportorial brain. There was no buoy with wireless apparatus let loose by the submarine as she sank to announce the news of the disaster. Nor was there any hole cut in her hull by oxy-acetylene flame—on the contrary, to have used flame at all would have ignited collected gas and blown the craft to pieces.

What really happened was that the boat attempted a "crash dive" in too shallow water (she is 230 feet long), stuck her bows into the mud, and remained in a slanting position, with her stern projecting some forty or more feet. Her resourceful sailors made their way up to the top of the projecting stern, bored a small hole with a ratchet drill, and ran out a wire as a flag-pole with a sailor's shirt as a flag. This queer ensign and the strange thing beneath it were seen by the Alanthus, a wooden ship operated by the United States Shipping Board. The submarine at a distance of ten miles looked like a whale with a flag on it. The Alanthus drew near and began rescue preparations. Happily, the steamship George W. Goethals came within range of the flag signals of the Alanthus, which had no wireless, and it was the Goethals which sent out the wireless news of the

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 171)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

BETTER THINK IT OVER

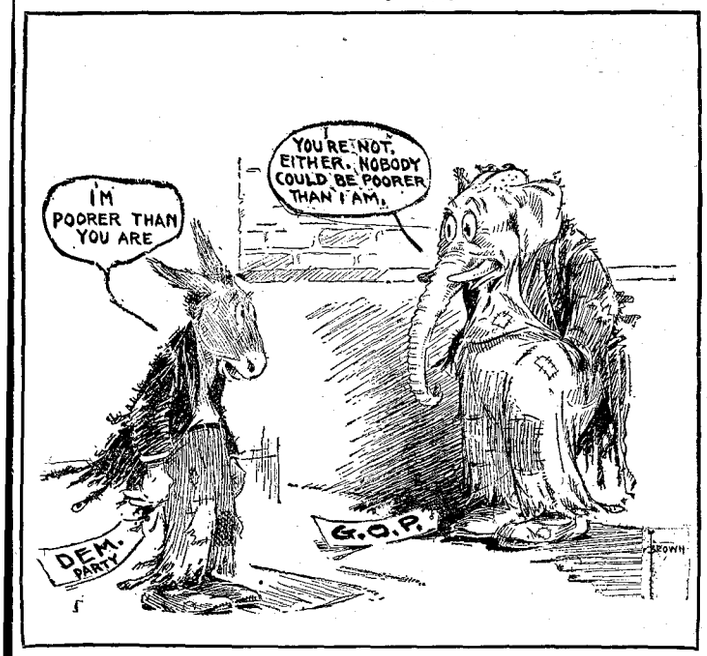
From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"UNHATCH YO'SE'F!"

From Mrs. L. M. Gauss, Germantown, Pa.

Brown in the Chicago Daily News



THE NEW CAMPAIGN ISSUE

From Bernard S. Paine, Goshen, Ind.

Fitzmaurice in the Vancouver Daily Province

THE RAVEN

All the time there came a "knocking," as of some one always "knocking," "knocking," "knocking"—nothing more

From Elizabeth S. Kelsey, Berkeley, Cal.

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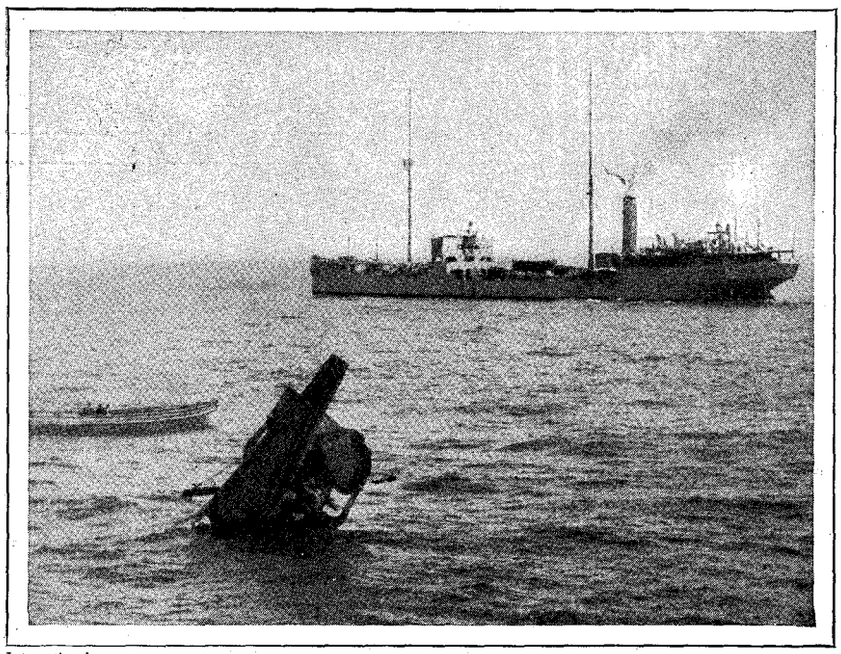

International

THE LAST OF THE ILL-FATED S-5

disaster—news which was picked up by amateur wireless operators, and through them reached the public.

To Chief Engineer Grace, of the Goethals, must be accorded the praise for the rescue of the forty men and officers of the S-5. He saw the danger of employing flame, and patiently and laboriously drilled with his own hands a circle of fifty or more small holes with a hand ratchet, working steadily all night. This done, he cut the spaces with a cold chisel and, as one correspondent says, pried out the metal with a crowbar, much as one would get off the top of a tin can. Through this hole the men were dragged, exhausted but alive. They had been two days in their perilous confinement. Commander Cooke, of the S-5, reported that his men acted with coolness and heroism; the crew sent a round robin to the President in warm praise of their commander, and all joined in recognition of the skill and intelligent action of their rescuers.

Altogether the incident makes one feel proud of American courage, endurance, and resourcefulness.

A NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

OVER one of the most difficult courses in the country—the Engineers' course at Roslyn, Long Island—Charles Evans and Francis Ouimet fought their way through a field of brilliant opponents to the final round for the National amateur golf championship of the United States. Evans at one time was carried to the forty-first hole before he could win the right to continue in the tournament. Five extra holes at match play must be almost a record.

Evans, in the progress of the tournament, overcame the national champions of Great Britain, France, and Canada and four former American title holders.

In the final round Evans regained the title, which he first won in 1916, by defeating Ouimet seven up and six to play. The crowd at the match numbered some twelve thousand. Some of the spectators may be observed in the picture which accompanies this account.

THE TERROR OF THE EARTHQUAKE

"EVERY earthquake disaster is for Italy like a lost battle," said an Italian statesman. The shocks of September 7 and later days destroyed hundreds of lives—estimates vary widely—crowded hospitals and churches with many more hundreds of crippled and suffering people, and led some half million of people to abandon their homes, at least temporarily. The terror of the great earthquakes of Messina in 1909 and Avezzano in 1915 were recalled and renewed. In loss of life and in the ruin of a great city the Messina disaster was incomparably Italy's greatest earthquake disaster; at least 50,000 human beings perished at that time. With all such disasters, even when they are so comparatively unimportant in their destructive results as the recent series of earth shakings in California, there is an element of terror and panic which only the stout-hearted can bear with equanimity.

Tuscany was the scene of the most serious damage in the recent Italian experience, but shocks were felt almost as far south as Naples. Fivizzano, a little city on the slope of the Apennines, some seventy miles northwest of Florence and perhaps a third of that distance from Spezia, was the worst stricken of a dozen or more towns and villages in that vicinity. Reports state that over four hundred people were killed there. The stories of suffering and rescue are heartrending yet inspiring in their accounts of the devotion of sailors from a war-ship, doctors, nurses, and countless volunteers. The shock, as is often the case, followed the general line of the mountain range. A volcanic crater opened at the top of a mountain nine miles from Spezia. Even the Swiss Alps felt the shocks.

Modern geology leans to the belief that most disastrous earthquakes are caused by shifts of strata along fissures or faults. Volcanic agencies may, however, play a part in such disturbances,

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THE "GALLERY" FOLLOWING EVANS AND OUIMET IN THE MATCH AT ROSLYN

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and shifts of strata may take place far beneath the earth's surface.

TALY'S INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

NOT only has Italy suffered severely from earthquakes but she has been passing through a most serious industrial crisis. Her metal workers made demands for shorter hours, more pay, and representation upon controlling boards of the companies which employed them. These demands their employers refused to meet. A shortage of raw materials and of coal, combined with the threatening attitude of the workers, led to the declaration of a 'lockout." Thereupon in Milan and other industrial centers the workers took possession of the factories, which they have in some instances fortified with machine guns.

The best information which we can secure goes to show that at present the disturbance is industrial rather than political, and that the workers are not bent upon the establishment of a genuine soviet government, although it is entirely possible that in the presence of so much inflammable tinder the industrial revolt may be changed to a political upheaval. Italian Socialists are against repressive measures in the present disorder. Premier Giolitti depends upon the Socialist support. It is therefore probable that the present Government will not resort to arms to oust the workers except as a last measure.

Extreme measures of repression would doubtless result in the overturning of the present Ministry, though they might not result in the overthrow of the Italian Government.

A BARGAIN WITH THE WIND

THE Mayor of Cork and his fellow-convicts who have been starving themselves as a protest against their imprisonment are reported as near death.

In last week's issue of The Outlook we quoted a despatch from the London "Times" which stated that Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, had said that, if guaranties were given that the murder of policemen in Ireland would cease, MacSwiney and his fellow hunger strikers would be released. We are glad to report that apparently no such bargain has been concluded.

It might be expedient for the authorities to release MacSwiney. It is both legal and just for them to permit him to suffer the consequences of his own act. But by no stretch of imagination could it be considered either expedient, legal, or just for the British Government to release MacSwiney on the basis of a blind bargain with the forces of anarchy. Such a pact would be a bargain with the wind.

CAMPAIGNING BY SLANDER

WHEN comparatively obscure men try to get into public office by besmirching their political opponents, the American voter is too likely to shrug his shoulders and call it "politics." Charges of corruption have not been taken seriously enough by the American electorate because they are so often lightly made. The cry of "Wolf, wolf!" has sounded so often that the voters have come to believe that the wolves are not only far away but are not even predatory.

It is perhaps for this reason that the charges repeatedly made by Governor Cox have not been regarded seriously. If they had been made by an obscure candidate or by a political subordinate they perhaps might not have deserved attention; but they have been made by a man who aspires to the greatest office in the land, and made emphatically and definitely. If these charges are true, they form the most important issue of the campaign. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that they raise the most important political issue that it is possible for a free people to face. No nation can be free which maintains a corrupt government and which consists of a corrupted people.

Mr. Cox has charged that the Republican party is planning to buy the Presidency. In order to ascertain what Mr. Cox's charges are the country has been referred to his Pittsburgh speech. In that speech he made this statement:

> I charge, therefore, again a planned assault on the American electorate. It can't be hidden. The hosts are marshaled; the money ammunition is prepared, but it will not succeed. The net is spread in sight of the quarry. What is the game except to becloud the public mind on the subject of the League of Nations issue and world's peace? The "normalcy," so I think it is pronounced, voiced by the opposition candidate, as visioned by his master, is bayonets at the factory door. Unrestrained profiteering at the gates of the farm. The burden of government on shoulders other than their own, and the Federal Reserve System an annex to great business. When the American people fully grasp the sinister menace hanging over them, they will shun it as a plague.

This is a definite statement that the Republican party is undertaking to use money for the purpose of putting the Government and its resources at the disposal of men who wish to use it for their own financial benefit, even to the extent of unrestrained profiteering, and for the suppression of the rights of their fellow-men even at the point of the bayonet. This is not merely a newspaper reporter's interpretation of the speech; it is a quotation from a stenographic report. Mr. Cox has not been misquoted. These are his own words. That he did not use them inadvertently is shown by the fact that he repeated the gravest part of his charge. In the course of that speech he was interrupted by one of his audience, who said that Mr. Cox had not named an individual or corporation who had given a penny. Mr. Cox replied that the Chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee, who is a Republican, could call in the persons who could produce the names of the contributors. And of these contributors he went on to say:

> They are making their contributions in order to procure the use of the bayonet if industrial controversies arise. That is a grave charge. I know whereof I speak.

What is the evidence that Mr. Cox has presented in support of this accusation? He purported to offer that in the same speech from which the above quotations are taken. That evidence consists entirely of documents purporting to describe the methods for raising money for the Republican campaign fund. It has wholly to do with the amount alleged to be raised and the apportionment of that amount among various communities. These documents have been submitted to the Senatorial Investigating Committee and have been examined. Witnesses have been called and sworn and their testimony taken. As a result the evidence shown is this: The Republican National Committee engaged a man by contract to conduct or manage a "drive" for funds similar to that which he had conducted on behalf of many organizations, notably the Young Men's Christian Association; according to that plan the country was districted and amounts were assigned to be raised from various communities. Among the documents submitted were some typewritten sheets which constitute suggestions made as to the amount of the sums apportioned or the quotas. These suggestions were, it was proved, never officially adopted. That, however, is a minor issue. Engaged in this undertaking to raise money for the Republican campaign were many men who had been engaged in similar efforts to raise

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money for the Young Men's Christian Association and similar organizations. Some of the slogans familiar in other drives were used for stimulating the interest of the people engaged in this drive. A good many of these slogans seem to us, and would seem to a good many, ineffective, commonplace, and in some cases commercial and materialistic. In the whole amount of evidence, however, there is nothing, not a phrase or a word, to support Mr. Cox's charges that the Republican organization is trying to buy the Presidency or to buy it for the purpose of being able to use bayonets for the suppression of the workingmen.

The hearings at Chicago by the Senatorial Committee have been elaborate and long continued. No person testifying before that Committee has supplemented Governor Cox's alleged evidence with any evidence of any kind tending to support Governor Cox's accusations. No officer of the Democratic organization has acknowledged knowing of any such evidence.

In the face of this fact Mr. Cox has put himself in a position of making serious charges for which he has not the slightest proof. He has done his best to undermine the faith of American voters in the honesty of American political organizations, and he places the gravest of doubts upon the integrity of the mass of voters themselves. To do this without evidence is to make an attack upon the Nation itself. If it is not treason, it is because the legal definition of treason does not comprise such an act. It partakes of the nature of treason, for, in so far as it arouses class animosities and undermines confidence in self-government, it destroys the loyalty of the citizens.

To recapitulate, Mr. Cox has made one charge and in an attempt to prove the truth of it he simply proves the truth of another charge and not the one he has definitely made. There are thus two charges before the country. One is that the Republican party has undertaken to raise a camgaign fund, variously estimated, by means of quotas according to the method used in the Liberty Loan drives, in the drives for the Young Men's Christian Association, the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus, the War Camp Community Service, and similar organizations. This charge is true. We are glad it is true. Mr. Hays of the Republican National Committee has done a service in putting the raising of campaign funds on the same basis with that of the raising of Liberty Loans and welfare funds. The old method of raising campaign funds was not only inefficient, but was injurious. Political committees got money from whatever sources were most available, and got that money secretly. Only a small part of a community ever contributed to the party fund, and as they made these special contributions they naturally expected special favors. This was the old "gum-shoe" method, and it was bad. To change that method for one which is organized, public, and fair is to perform a very valuable public service. In trying to discredit this attempt to put the raising of political funds upon a sound and fair basis the Democratic candidate for the Presidency is doing all he can to retain the old "gum-shoe" method.

Political parties must have political funds. They must have them in order to give information concerning their candidates to the voters. If that money is raised openly and honestly and is spent for legitimate purposes, the amount of the fund is not a vital question. Any money that is needed for legitimate purposes should be raised, the more general and public the method of raising it the better. The charge that the Republican party is using the quota method is true, and good citizens ought to rejoice that it is true.

The other charge is that the Republican party is trying to buy the Presidency for the purpose of using the Government to the financial profit of special interests and for the purpose of suppressing the workingmen with the bayonet. That charge is without foundation. Those who have made it ought to be ashamed of themselves and ought to be called to account for their public offense.

SPIRITUAL THOROUGHBREDS

"HAVE you ever noticed," said the Young-Old Philosopher, "how so many of your old friends deteriorate, mentally, as the years rush on?"

We said we had; but we contended also that many of them improved.

"I grant you that—most certainly I grant you that," he was quick to agree, with that generosity of mind which is so delightful a part of him. "But may I ask if you have recently attended a class reunion, or anything like that, where men foregather?"

We said we had—only last June, after a hiatus of more years than we cared to acknowledge.

"Then," he continued, smiling, "you must know what I am about to get at. Didn't you observe how many of the men had gone off in æsthetic and spiritual charm? How many had lost the glamour of soul that they used to hold for you, and could talk of little but the stock market, golf, the high cost of living, what make of car they used, and how enormous their income tax was last year, and, oh, the Eighteenth Amendment—most of all, the Eighteenth Amendment!"

It was almost uncanny of the Young-Old Philosopher to say this, for we had returned from a certain college reunion much disillusioned as to a number of old chums; and though we had not framed our thoughts or become articulate with our wife concerning this sad circumstance, we could not but help giving it definite consideration for many days.

"I think," went on the Young-Old Philosopher, "that people are much like race-horses. There are thoroughbreds; and there is an underdone breed, a sort of riffraff that make startling spurts, cross the line nobly now and then, and finally, suddenly, drop in their tracks, unable to run the race to the end. There is an aristocracy of the body as well as of the mind; a spiritual something in the human frame itself that quite justifies that Biblical phrase, 'Know ye not that ye are temples of the Holy Ghost?' and which there is no gainsaying. If, combined with that thoroughbredness of the body, you find in a man a delicacy and superlative excellence of soul and mind and heart, then you discover the type that lasts, that 'holds the fort in desperate days,' to snatch a line of Stevenson, and that magnificently refuses to surrender. That kind of man goes on to the end of his days, finely sensible of his civic duties, his family duties, and his duties of mental development.

"The trouble with most of us is that we fall by the wayside, having graduated from some university, feeling that, the first line crossed, the last line has likewise been crossed; whereas the race has but just begun. Tolliver's business absorbs him to the exclusion of his former love of Hazlitt's 'Table Talk' or Burke's 'Sublime and the Beautiful;' and Tucker, who once loved Wordsworth, hobnobs only with Wall Street. When he played golf after leaving college, he had the good sense to pause, every now and then, true to that sane and saving admiration of Wordsworth that was in him, and say of the landscape, 'How wonderful it is!' Now, alas! he has interest only in the ball and the proper club; and the countryside is but a means to an end—a bit

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of wholesome exercise, I admit, but also a leading up to a too-heavy luncheon at the club afterwards.

"To be well balanced; to keep the blend at a high state of perfection—that seems to me so worth while; as a man often does it in England, with his never-ending interest in the Latin he got at Eton, his refusal to forsake forever his little Greek or French, simply because the world at large knows little and cares less for the true fragrance of life.

"To keep our dreams of a higher standard—and you know very well that when we were younger we thought solemnly of standards—is the thing that will enrich a man beyond any reckoning. To hold in the heart, unashamed, some deathless line of Keats or Shakespeare will make a man almost an angel, mentally, and help him to be more generous, more companionable, more to be desired than rubies, when we go back to meet him and talk with him after the lapse of years.

"For the beauty we keep is the only beauty that counts in the final summing up. What is education, if we forget it and lose it? A boy in the war, captured by the Germans and sent to a forlorn and lonely prison camp, told me that his remembrance of Shelley saved his reason. Over and over he would say lines of magic, fragments from this or that favorite poem, and he took on the very essence of that 'blithe spirit' which Shelley has made the skylark's own.

"Is it, then, a little thing to remember all that we once loved; that which was poured into our poor brains by teachers who knew that in the coming days this beauty would stand us in good stead?

"I think not. On the contrary, I wish I could impress upon the generation now growing up the worth of that vast store of literature, from the Bible down, that has helped not only the martyrs and the dreamers, but the practical men of all ages."

"I CAME NOT TO JUDGE THE WORLD"

TWO correspondents on another page defend the investigation of the steel strike by the Interchurch Commission. One compares its action to that of a public defender of an accused; the other defends it as necessary to enable the Church to take note of injustice and to use its moral power to rescue the oppressed.

Our answer to the first correspondent is that the report of a church commission as rendered is not a defense of the strikers, but a judge's decision against an accused whom he has tried. Our answer to the second is that it is one thing to condemn injustice and another to determine who are the unjust; one thing to condemn every form of industry which enriches some at the expense of others, quite another thing to decide that the steel trust is guilty of this injustice. Jesus condemned Pharisees who devoured widows' houses and for a pretense made long prayers, but he never tried and condemned individual Pharisees for being guilty of this crime. "I judge no man," he said. And again: "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."

The Church is admirably equipped to arouse the public conscience against every form of injustice, but it has neither the equipment nor the personnel for an investigation of persons, whether individual or corporate, who are accused of wrong-doing. It cannot compel the attendance of witnesses, nor require them to submit to cross-examination, nor administer oaths, nor convict them of perjury if they testify falsely, nor demand the production of books and papers; nor are its leaders generally fitted either by temperament or training for the task.

We do not pass judgment on the correctness of the report of the Interchurch Commission, but we take this incident as an occasion to restate our conception of the function of the Church of Christ.

Christ was not in any strict sense a re-former. He made no attempt to reconstruct the existing order of society. Slavery was universal; he said nothing about slavery. War was the chief honorable profession; he said nothing about war and did not condemn the army. Government was an absolute monarchy; he uttered no protest against monarchy and proposed no changes in the form of government. Gluttony and drunkenness were far worse in his day than in ours; he advocated neither total abstinence nor prohibition. He strongly affirmed the permanence of the marriage tie and the stability of the family; otherwise he said nothing about the institutions of his day.

It does not follow that Christians are not to be reformers. Even Jesus Christ is not to be blindly followed. The duties of the citizen in a free republic are not the same as the duties of a citizen in an imperial despotism. But to his Church Christ gave a definite commission: "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." And the purpose for which his Father had sent him he made clear in a single sentence: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." It was not the purpose of Jesus to give the world new laws or new institutions, religious or secular. He came to give the world new *life*—"the life of God in the soul of man;" and he trusted that life to work out the necessary reconstruction of forms and institutions. Doubtless they were to be worked out by his disciples, but not directly by his Church.

It is of the utmost importance that our presidents and governors, our legislators and judges, should be inspired by the spirit of Christ; but it is very undesirable that they should be ecclesiastics. The attempt has often been made by the Church to assume legislative and judicial functions. We do not recall any instance in history in which this attempt has been beneficial to the community. The Church of Rome governed Italy. No patriotic Italian desires to go back and re-establish the States of the Church. Luther in his battle with Rome entered into political partnership with the princes of Germany, partly to protect the Protestant Church, partly to purify the German Government. The partnership furnished some political protection but no political purification. The State pulled the Church down; the Church did not lift the State up. The Church in England sought to modify the proceedings of the civil courts by establishing ecclesiastical courts, and so ameliorate the harshness of law by the introduction of what was called equity. The result was so unsatisfactory that in this country in almost all the States of the Union courts of equity have been abandoned and powers which they once exercised have been transferred to the courts of law. The bishops of the Established Church were given seats in the House of Lords. It is said, and we believe history justifies the saying, that they have always been found as a body not to promote but to hinder political progress. The Puritan ecclesiastics succeeded no better. The sons of the Puritans in New England have no wish to go back to the era when the Puritan Church was the dominant power.

The prophet Micah defines religion as doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. To organize our political, educational, and industrial institutions on the basis of Micah's definition is of the first importance. But this cannot be done unless the spirit of Micah's definition is inspired in the

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hearts of the men and women who constitute the community. Every indication on the part of the Church or the ministry to do the work rather than to inspire the workers we look upon with regret. It may not be more important to feed the springs that run among the valleys than to dig the channels and direct the water into its appointed courses; but there is no institution so well equipped as the Church and no individual except the mother so well situated as the minister to feed the springs, and unless they are fed the channels, however skillfully dug, will remain dry.

Since this article was begun we have received a letter from the widow of a clergyman widely known for his effective preaching of what may be called social Christianity, from which we make the following quotation:

> We wanted to join in a world-encompassing compact that war should be no more. And we seem to be getting farther and farther away from that dream. The simplicity of the teaching of Jesus, to love God and our brother as ourselves, to live with the spirit of love and fellowship—we seem so far from that ideal.
>
> The great Interchurch World Movement for Christianity had a splendid sound to our ears. We had been dealing in world movements, and this seemed to satisfy our hopes for healing the wounds of the nations.
>
> That hope, too, has disappointed us, and our churches are not thronged with home-coming soldiers, whose hearts have been touched by the awful experiences and their own nearness to eternity.
>
> Is the Church overlooking some of the things that are her own? Is she claiming all of the triumphs of her Leader that rightly belong to her? It may be we have looked for the leaven, which the Church is supposed to have, *within* the Church. Possibly the leaven we find there is stale, like the leaven of the Pharisees. Our leaven should be like that of the woman Jesus noticed, who hid it from sight in the meal.
>
> Yeast must be hidden to be found, and then we can only find it in its effects. It is like the wind; we hear the sound thereof, but no man can tell whence it comes or whither it goeth.

And our correspondent gives a glowing account of two industrial meetings largely composed of employers, which she has recently attended, in one of which the four points of the principal address were Contact, Conference, Confidence, Co-operation, and in the other of which the greatest applause and most enthusiasm were for the addresses which presented the real Christian side of industrial relations; "Honest to God friendliness" was one expression which brought down the house.

We share our correspondent's fear that the Church may be overlooking some of the things that are her own, that she may be losing something of her moral power in the community, because she is substituting the ambition to do the work of other organizations for the ambition to inspire all organizations to do their own work well.

We believe that it is the function of the Church to furnish this hidden yeast; to inspire with a passion for righteousness men who will carry into industry the spirit of human brotherhood, into education eagerness to impart faith in the values of justice, mercy, and humility, and into our courts and our legislatures more and more that spirit of righteousness, peace, and good will which make the Nation great. LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE SITUATION IN SOUTHEASTERN RUSSIA

BY GEORGE KENNAN

THE Bolshevik debacle in Poland furnishes convincing proof, if proof were needed, that the armies of Lenine and Trotsky are by no means so formidable as their recent victories in southeastern Russia and Siberia would seem to indicate. The apparent ease with which they defeated Kolchak and Denikine led the world to believe that there was no force in Russia capable of withstanding them, and that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prevent them from overrunning Poland, the Caucasus, Asia Minor, and even Persia. For this belief, however, there never was any substantial foundation. The Bolsheviki no doubt are skillful and successful propagandists; but as fighters they are not to be compared with the disciplined armies of western Europe, or even with the hastily assembled and imperfectly trained soldiers of Poland. Their previous victories were due not to fighting efficiency, nor to exceptional skill in strategy, but rather to lack of cohesion, unanimity, and patriotic enthusiasm in the forces that were opposed to them. This was particularly the case in southeastern Russia. General Denikine was a sincere patriot and a fairly competent military leader, but he had little administrative capacity; he could not understand or did not regard the thoughts, wishes, and aspirations of the common people, and he failed, therefore, to gain the wholehearted support of the class that might have been most useful to him. No army can long continue to be victorious if it has behind it an apathetic, discontented, or hostile population, and Denikine was defeated not by exceptional strength or efficiency in the Bolshevik forces that confronted him, but by dissatisfaction and dissension in his rear. The peasants and Cossacks upon whom he was mainly dependent for support were alienated or made apathetic by administrative errors that he might have avoided if he had had more political sagacity.

One of the reasons for the unsympathetic attitude of the peasants toward him was his treatment of the land question. Land, to the Russian peasant, is the most important and valuable thing in the world. Under the old régime he never had enough of it to satisfy his urgent needs, and when the Revolution gave him an opportunity to steal a few acres from a neighboring landlord he did not hesitate to enlarge his holdings in that way. But he knew nevertheless that he was not acting fairly and that under some later form of government his claim to the land thus seized might not be recognized. He was extremely anxious, therefore, to secure something like a legal title, and in order to obtain it he was quite willing to give reasonable compensation to the previous owner.

When General Denikine practically assumed civil as well as military control in southeastern Russia, he ignored this natural desire of the peasants, and, following the lead of Kolchak, declared that he had no authority to settle the land question, and that it must be left for the consideration of a Constituent Assembly, to be elected by the whole nation at some future time. This disappointed and irritated the peasants, not only because they regarded it as an evasion of their demands, but because it seemed to confirm a suspicion which they already had that Denikine and his advisers were acting in the interest of the nobility and the great landed proprietors of the old régime.

Another grievance of the peasants was the arbitrary and often unauthorized confiscation of their grain and other personal property by Denikine's subordinate officers. These seizures in many cases amounted almost to looting, and although they were made upon the plea of urgent military necessity the people resented them, just as they resented similar acts of injustice on the part of the Bolsheviki.

Finally, the peasants were displeased when Denikine refused to recognize or co-operate with their own partisan lead-

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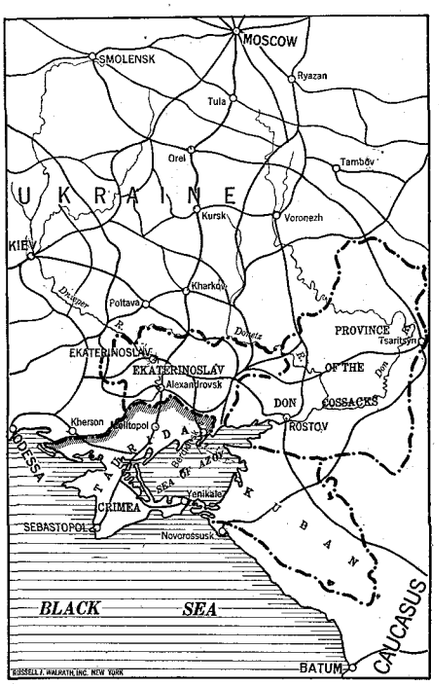
ers—men like Makhno—who had organized independent bands of volunteers and were fighting the Bolsheviki on their own account and in their own way. From a military point of view, the commander-in-chief was perhaps justified in declining to have anything to do with irregular troops operating independently, even though they were fighting a common enemy; but he would have had heartier support from the peasants if he had taken a more sympathetic attitude toward their representatives in the field.

The main grievance of the Cossacks, who compose so large a part of the population of southeastern Russia, was the failure of General Denikine to give them the full measure of local autonomy to which they thought they were entitled. They had always held an exceptional position, as compared with the great mass of common peasants, and it did not seem to them that Denikine recognized this fact, or that he gave due consideration to their hereditary right of self-government in local affairs. They therefore cooled toward him; large numbers of them deserted him, and at the most critical moment in the campaign, when the Bolsheviki counter-attacked in force, he found himself practically unsupported by the most militant part of the whole population.

All these things taken together weakened General Denikine, so that when the crisis came he was unable to withstand the assault of even a mediocre Bolshevik army. But his defeat was due to administrative rather than military incapacity. He did not deal tactfully with the political and civic problems that were presented to him, and consequently lost popular confidence and support.

When Denikine was compelled by pressure from the Bolshevik forces to withdraw from the northern Caucasus, he retired with the remnants of his beaten army to the Crimea, and there, disheartened by defeat, he turned over his command to General Wrangel. The latter, as soon as practicable, organized a Provisional Government, with Peter B. Struve as Minister of Foreign Affairs and M. N. Bernatzky as Minister of Finance;[1] but at the same time he publicly declared that he was taking control only temporarily, and that, so far as he was concerned, the future government of Russia should be what the people wished it to be. Then, in order to remove the causes of popular discontent that had existed under his predecessor, he took up, first of all, the land question. In solving this difficult problem he followed in general outline the plan adopted at the time of the emancipation of the serfs in 1861; that is, he combined allotments of land to the peasants with compensation to previous owners. Under this plan the peasant secured what he most wanted, viz., legal title to his actual holdings; but he was required to pay a certain sum annually into a Government fund for the future reimbursement of owners from whom he had taken land unlawfully during the period of the Revolution. Inasmuch, however, as the allotment of land is intrusted to the township (*volost*) councils, the peasants, who elect such councils, have virtual control of division and distribution, and to some extent of reimbursement.



THIS MAP SHOWS THE RELATION OF THE TERRITORY CONTROLLED BY GENERAL WRANGEL TO THE BOLSHEVIST HEADQUARTERS AT MOSCOW, AND HIS COMMAND OF HIGHWAYS TO THE SEA

In order to do away with another popular grievance, General Wrangel strictly prohibited the unauthorized seizure of grain and other property belonging to the peasants, and gave orders that if his officers or soldiers resorted to confiscation or looting they should be tried by court martial and shot. At the same time he notified the people that, whenever possible, his officers would loan them army horses in order to help them get in their harvest. He also directed that volunteer peasant organizations which were fighting the Bolsheviki independently should not be interfered with or treated as bandits, but should be aided and encouraged so long as they opposed the common enemy and observed the laws of civilized warfare.

With the Don Cossacks General Wrangel soon re-established friendly relations. By the terms of an agreement with their hetman, concluded on April 13, they were given complete local autonomy, and were required only to recognize General Wrangel as their commander-in-chief and to refrain from negotiating independently with any foreign government or power.

The effect of these various decrees, concessions, and reforms was to unite peasants and Cossacks in loyal support of General Wrangel and his Government. Thousands of volunteers flocked to his standard, and early in the summer he felt strong enough to move out of the Crimea and attack the Soviet armies on the northern side of the Sea of Azov. In the course of a short but brilliant campaign he drove the Bolsheviki out of Berdiansk, Melitopol, and Alexandrovsk, and he now dominates practically the whole of the Taurida province and a part of the province of Ekaterinoslav, a territory that has more than twice the area of Belgium.

This aggressive movement of General Wrangel is evidently regarded by the Soviet Government with serious concern. On July 10 the Communist Central Committee in Moscow sent to all its branches throughout Soviet Russia the following telegram:

"During the most terrible moment of the struggle of the Russian and Ukrainian peasants against Poland General Wrangel has launched an offensive in south Russia, intending to capture the most fertile sections of the Ukraine and the Don. His offensive has already caused the Soviet Republic great difficulties. Each success of the General, even the most modest one, deprives Soviet Russia of great quantities of grain, coal, and oil and causes a spread of starvation, destitution, lack of fuel, and destruction of the means of transportation. The Communist party should understand that the liquidation of General Wrangel's undertaking is an absolute necessity for Soviet Russia. The Central Committee demands that all party branches and trade unions support with all possible energy the offensive started against Wrangel. No defeat of the Poles is possible without a defeat of Wrangel. The red banner must wave over the Crimea."

General Wrangel's Government has now been recognized by France; his armies are more generally and heartily supported by the peasants and the Cossacks than the armies of General Denikine ever were, and his campaign north of the Sea of Azov has thus far been successful. If he is able to withstand the forces that the Bolsheviki will perhaps throw against him after they abandon the attempt to capture Poland, his movement into the fertile valleys of the Dnieper and the Don may be the beginning of a really national uprising against the despotic oligarchy which has ruled Russia for nearly three years. In Siberia such an uprising seems to be already in progress.

[1] Struve is an eminent publicist and a prominent Constitutional Democrat who first became widely known as editor of the Russian journal "Liberation," published in Stuttgart. After his return to Russia, in 1905, he edited the daily newspaper "Polar Star" in St. Petersburg and the monthly review "Russian Thought" in Moscow, and in 1907, as one of the candidates of the Constitutional Democratic party, he was elected a member of the Second Duma. He is the author of a number of books on political and economic subjects, and has been influential for many years in Russian political affairs.

M. N. Bernatzky is a well-known economist, who was Minister of Finance in the coalition Government of Kerensky.

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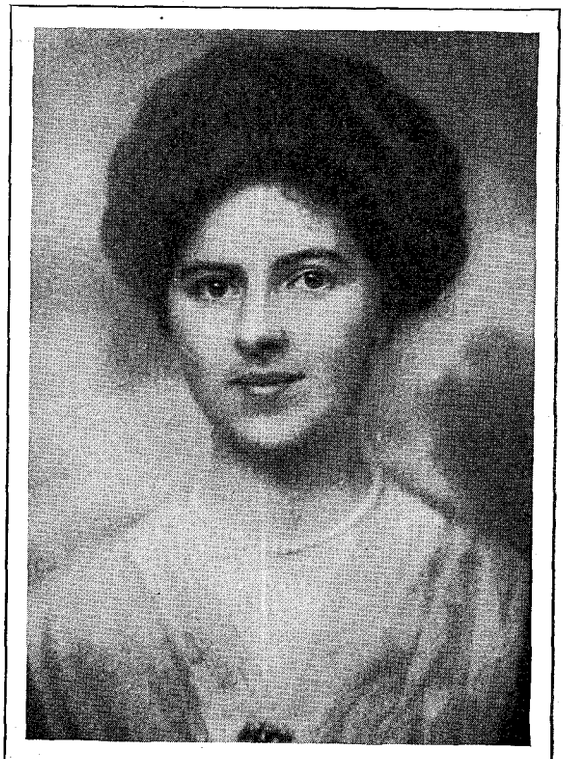
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

International

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CZAREVITCH, TAKEN AT EKATERINBURG, SIBERIA

This picture is believed to be the last photograph made of the slain son of the Czar of Russia. With the Czar and his family, a physician, and three servants, the Czarevitch is supposed to have perished at the hands of the Bolsheviki



Bain News Service

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN THE CAMPAIGN

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, will, the newspapers announce, speak during the coming campaign in furtherance of her husband's re-election to the New York State Assembly

Dorr Service

THE PILGRIM MOTHER—A STATUE BY PAUL WAYLAND BARTLETT

This statue, when completed, will be erected at Provincetown, Massachusetts. The picture is made from a sketch now on view in the Provincetown Town Hall

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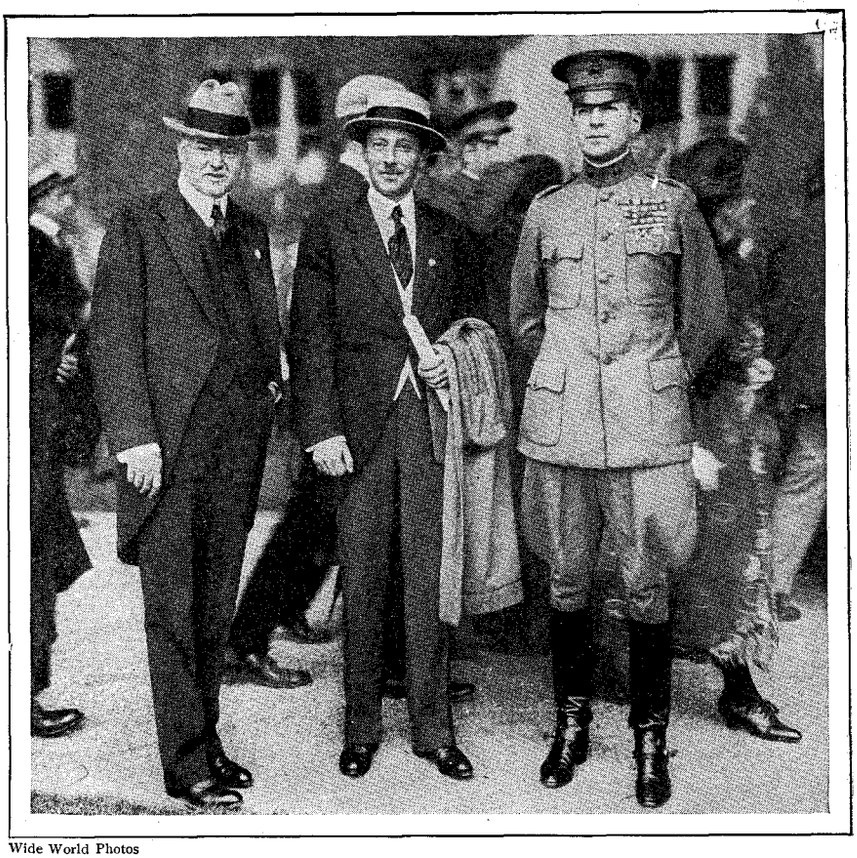
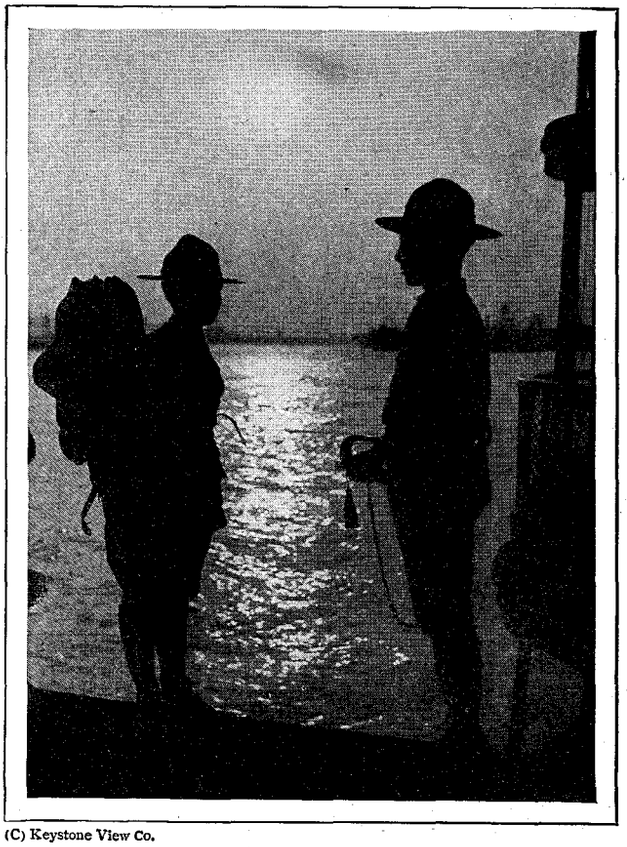


Wide World Photos

CELEBRATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE AT WEST POINT

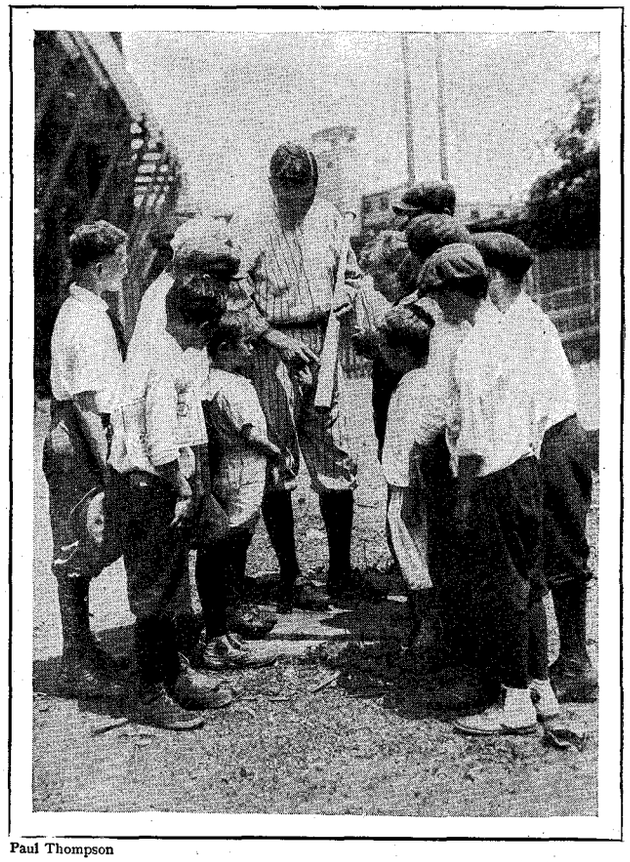
Among the distinguished participants in the Marne Day celebration at West Point were M. Jean Parmentier (center), who is on a special mission in the United States as a representative of the Ministry of Finance of the French Republic; Mr. Herbert Hoover (left); General Douglas MacArthur, Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy



(C) Keystone View Co.

BOY SCOUTS AT HOME AGAIN

A striking photograph of two members of the party of Boy Scouts who recently made a visit to England and France



Paul Thompson

A FAMOUS BATSMAN TELLS THE BOYS HOW TO DO IT

Babe Ruth is telling the boys, "Be sure to have the ball hit right here if you want to make a home run"

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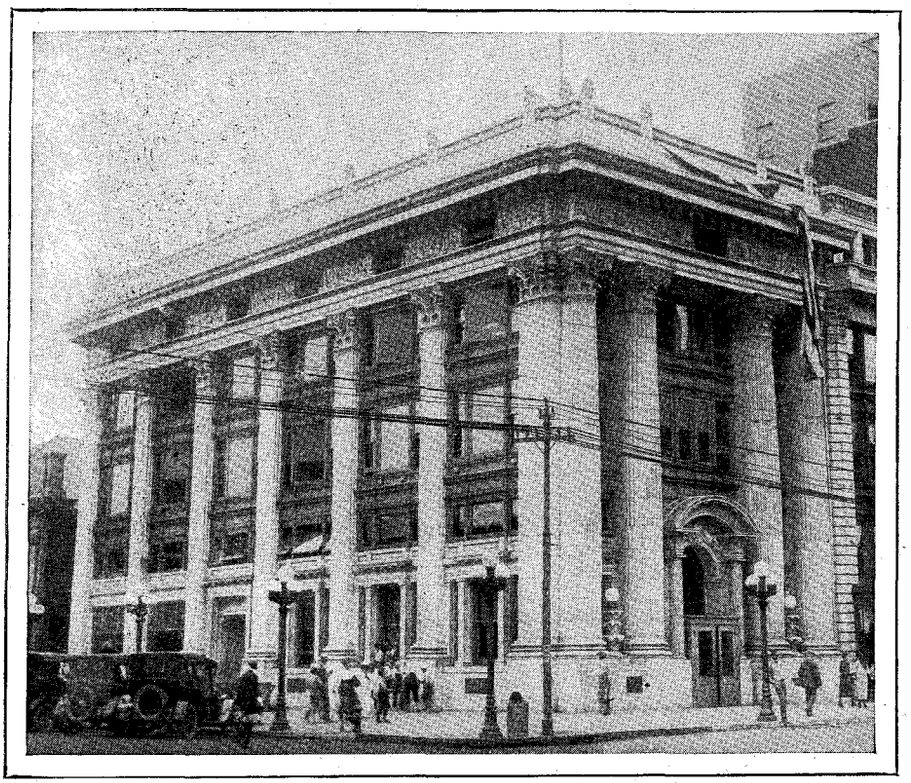
HARDING AND COX AS NEWSPAPER MEN

A FIRST-HAND STUDY OF THE PROFESSIONAL CAREERS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEES

BY RICHARD BARRY



Underwood & Underwood

THE IMPOSING HOME OF GOVERNOR COX'S NEWSPAPER AT DAYTON, OHIO

THE next President of the United States will be a middle-aged newspaper man from Ohio. His name will be either Warren G. Harding or James M. Cox. Externally their histories are monotonously similar, and almost commonplace; each a farmer boy who drifted to the nearest large city, where he stuck through all grades of the publishing business until he controlled a leading newspaper, and in time rose from lesser political office to the highest place in his party. Neither went into politics until he was independent financially. Both emerged suddenly from comparative obscurity as National standard-bearers.

This 1920 campaign has produced less of personality than almost any other. What part of this is due to the fact that journalism, the craft whose arch-priest is anonymity, has furnished the protagonists? Mostly we have had lawyers as Presidential candidates. If not lawyers, then soldiers. The rare farmer, publicist, or professor has been the exception to prove the rule. Now we have no choice in the matter; whatever happens, there will be a newspaper man in the White House, and for the first time.

But what sort of a newspaper man? We must discard our former measures and grapple with a new yardstick. We became accustomed to estimating lawyers for public service. Were they jury lawyers, counselors, legislators, or (woe betide them!) corporation attorneys? Subconsciously we rated them accordingly. Soldiers it was easy to estimate. The chief question was: Had they commanded winning armies?

Now, is it enough to say that he is a newspaper man, and let it go at that, making a decision solely on the merits of the campaign propaganda? Or, shall we ask what kind of a newspaper man he is, wherein he specialized, wherein he succeeded, and what, therefore, may be his dominant philosophy of life?

These questions seemed important to the writer, and he went to Marion and Dayton, to the candidates themselves, to their associates and subordinates, to their competitors and fellow-townsmen, to arrive at the facts in the respective cases. Here are the two stories as he has seen them.

Warren G. Harding, for over thirty years editor of the Marion "Star," seeing the town grow from six thousand to nearly thirty thousand, and growing with it proportionately, long its most conspicuous citizen, has partaken of its nature completely. Harding is Marion; Marion is Harding.

It is a town where every one, from the President of the First National to the oiler at the roundhouse, is "folks," where nearly every house has a garage, and where the pineapple or cedar-mop hair cut is in vogue. A town like this does not breed great newspaper men, not if they stick there. It is the sort of place that the big leaders in the chief centers come *from*.

One night over thirty years ago three young men—Johnny Sickel, Jack Warwick, and War'n Harding—paused outside the Elite Restaurant, in Marion, discussing a proposition to buy a moribund newspaper called the Marion "Star," about to be abandoned. Sickel was the capitalist, having been left a legacy of nearly four hundred dollars a few days before. Warwick was an apprentice printer, and Harding had been for a few months a six-dollar-a-week reporter on a Democratic newspaper, from which he had been discharged for wearing a Blaine hat. Some one suggested that they conclude the discussion over a plate of oysters, but as they started into the Elite Harding suddenly objected. "Boys," said he, "if we buy the 'Star,' who'll pay for the oysters?"

They did buy the "Star"—for $300 cash, each a third owner. Harding's father, a country doctor, loaned him his hundred; Sickel loaned Warwick his. Now mark how destiny led each his appointed way along the path of his nature.

Sickel, quickly bored with the inability of battered type to make legible marks on paper for which the bill collectors were already dunning for payment, shortly sold his interest to Harding for a promissory note and got out, to slip from this to that and be heard from no more.

Warwick, who, as Harding once told the writer, "was the clever one of us," with a nimble wit and drawling humor, spared himself the labor of writing his news by setting it up directly at the case, and thus, to do it more quickly, his personals became shorter and shorter with often a quotable quip. Harding went in for longer "pieces"—descriptive, argumentative, rhetorical. It was also his lot to "make up" the paper—that is, arrange the type and apportion the allotment of news, editorial matter, and advertising. One day Warwick called out from his case where he was setting type to Harding, with sleeves rolled up, over the composing stone, his grimy hands lifting the "takes" into the first page: "These long pieces of yours are all right, but what I think the "Star" needs is more little fellows.'

"Right you are, Jack," responded the lanky editor, "and you are the one to write them."

So he was. Soon the papers in the

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big cities found it out, and the "little fellows" from the Marion "Star" were often copied in the Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, and even the Chicago dailies. Then came the call to the larger journalism, and Warwick shook the dust of the small town from his feet and hoisted himself another rung up the obvious ladder. As he said "good-by" to his partner, to whom he had sold his interest for a promissory note and enough railway fare to take him to Cleveland, he added, whole-heartedly: "Warren, this is too small a town for you. As soon as I am located and get my bearings I'll find a place for you."

"Thanks, Jack," replied he who was now sole owner of the debt-burdened Marion "Star," an obscure paper in a town barely on any map and not located at all on some, "but I think I'll stick."

After that came the long pull, the grinding, commonplace, petty struggle with compositors, carrier-boys, advertisers, subscribers. The "Star" rose from obscurity to affluence, from being a tail-ender to first place in the town's journalism, from being worth little more than $300 to being capitalized at $80,000. So far as the writer could learn, there was in that history, which could be repeated in practically every city and town of the United States, but one unique feature.

The unique feature is this: there was never any appearance of struggle in Harding. Although many a time uncertain how he was to meet his payroll, he never apparently was anything but prosperous. Moreover, he singularly avoided contest. He spoke only good of his competitors. No one ever heard him berate a rival—at least not publicly. He grew slowly, normally, like a blessed oak deep-rooted in comfortable soil. The lightning never hit him, and if the drought came he had enough reserve strength to weather it without hurt. Of the fevers of metropolitan journalism he was as ignorant as is a country Percheron of the thrills of the race-course.

Certain rules were early established and still prevail on the Marion "Star." For instance, no cases of drunkenness or misdemeanors arising from them, unless capital crime, are ever reported there. Harding's explanation to his staff is that any gain in news value to the paper does not offset the heartache that publicity brings to the friends and family of the delinquent.

Another rule is that no news shall be published concerning the editor and his family. In later years this has become a hard rule to follow, and in 1920 an impossible one.

A while before the Chicago Convention the Marion "Star" carried this small item among its "personals:" "Senator and Mrs. Harding arrived to-day at their Mount Vernon Avenue home, where they are expected to remain a week."

International

THE UNPRETENTIOUS HOME OF SENATOR HARDING'S NEWSPAPER AT MARION OHIO

Early the next morning the Senator was at his desk and called for the reporter who wrote the item. "Are you guilty of this?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes, sir," came a stout confession with a stiffening of the lip.

"Do you think that is news worth space in a paper?"

"I do, sir."

"Who told you it was news?"

"Well, sir, I believe that when the United States Senator from the State of Ohio returns to his home from a long absence in Washington the people of Marion are entitled to know it."

"I don't agree with you," countered the editor-owner. "Please see that it doesn't happen again."

Then the features which are stern in repose softened into a beguiling smile as he called all his staff to him. Adopting the paternal attitude, he pleaded: "Boys, I know I'm going to get the worst of it from you this year. I know you are going to turn me down on my rule of keeping myself out of the paper; but I beg of you please go easy on me. Give us just as little of Harding as the law will permit."

The Marion "Star" is distinguished for three things: careful business management, a brightly written and tastefully edited editorial page, and the enterprising introduction of what are known in the business as "magazine" features, such as cartoons, the offering of prizes for the beautifying of homes, etc., etc. It is a brightly written paper which has always avoided sensationalism and which is looked upon in Marion as a rock of reliability. Since its owner has been in public life its staff carefully avoids him in securing news in which he is concerned. An instance of this occurred when the writer happened to mention to the editor, Mr. Van Fleet, an item of local importance which the editor, with a proper news instinct, wanted immediately to publish. The writer protested that it would be necessary to get permission first from the Senator.

"That settles it," groaned Mr. Van Fleet. "He'll probably give it to the others first and let us hustle for it. I'll tell you what happened at the time of the acceptance speech. I knew he wouldn't let us photograph him, but I heard that a lot of out-of-town photographers had permission for a 'shot' the day before, so I slipped our man in the crowd, hoping he'd get by; but no—W. G. spotted him. The next morning early—it was the big day of the acceptance, when I thought he surely would be occupied with something more important, he called me to know what I intended for illustration that day, and finally wormed out of me that I had a new picture of him slated for a five-column space on the first page. He vetoed that instanter, and asked,

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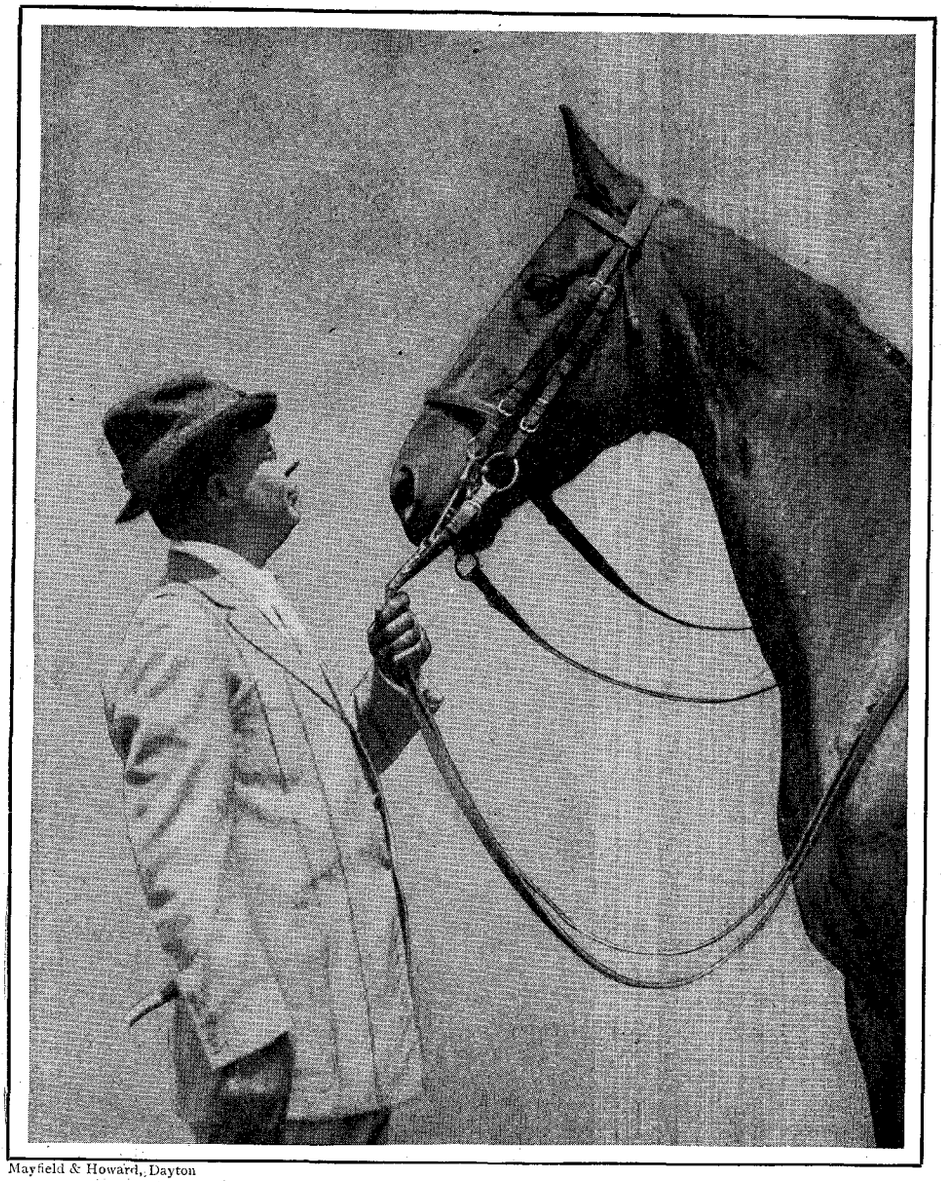

Mayfield & Howard, Dayton

GOVERNOR COX LIKES A HORSE. HE DROVE A PACER ON A RACE TRACK RECENTLY BEFORE A CHEERING CROWD

'Haven't you a picture of Lodge down there?' I grudgingly admitted we had, and so we compromised by giving Lodge first position, with Harding a second place of similar space. And that was the most important event in the history of Marion."

* * *

James M. Cox offers a journalistic picture almost the reverse of this. His story is that of the agile, energetic, intuitive, brilliant, and hard-hitting man who has forged his way from the bottom to the top by sheer force of indomitable will, who seeks the limelight, and who never hesitates to make enemies. Cox doesn't wait for things to come to him; he goes out after them and gets them.

It is not necessary to assume that campaign committees have directed the present methods of the two men. The fact that Harding is on his front porch, patiently spinning the web that he hopes will embrace the Presidency, while Cox is chasing hither and yon over the country, breaking all previous records in an effort to capture it, is only the natural expression of the natures of the two men. From the very beginning, and in all things, each has been like that.

As a young man, barely twenty, Cox found himself, thirty years ago, after teaching a country school, a small town correspondent of the Cincinnati "Enquirer." Near by occurred a railway wreck. It was Opportunity's first knock on his door. His answer was that of the born "events man," the intuitive "go-getter" reporter. Instead of first learning the details he filed with the telegraph operator who controlled the only wire to Cincinnati a copy of the local directory, it being the rule that the one who first took the wire could hold it until through sending. Then, at his leisure, he went forth and carefully gleaned the details of the wreck. When his rivals came to the wire ahead of him with their stories, they found the only avenue to Cincinnati blocked by Jimmy Cox's directory. As he did not unduly hasten in getting his facts, being assured of his open line of communication, he got a more thorough and a better story than the others. Moreover, it beat theirs in.

But Cox did not rest there. "What did you do the day after your victory?" Napoleon always asked his generals. Cox applied to the Cincinnati "Enquirer" for a job on the city staff the day after his victory. He got it, and that is how he "broke in" to metropolitan journalism.

He began in Cincinnati as copy reader on the telegraph desk, an irksome job that usually turns a man into an automaton after a few years. Cox never shirked it, nor mourned because it gave him no chance for individual scoring. He worked nine, ten, and sometimes twelve hours a day at his desk, and, as one of his early friends has told the writer, "as much more on the hoof about town digging up spot news." "Spot" news, be it known, is news at its source, and usually of ephemeral interest. Soon he knew all the leading men of Cincinnati by sight or personally and was a walking encyclopædia of the city's fluid interests.

One day, in a public elevator, Cox overheard two railway executives discussing a coming merger, as yet secret. They had no suspicion that within a few feet unobtrusively stood the shrewdest newspaper brain in the city. Then, as now, Cox was of medium height, medium weight, medium color, of negative personality, and with nothing external to reveal that he possessed an intelligence of singular clarity and a will of instant decisions.

The next morning Cincinnati rang with the important news of the new merger, a clear "beat" for Cox's employer, and henceforth the telegraph copy-desk grubbed on without the initiative and industry of the young man who now took another step upward on the obvious ladder.

"In the late nineties," to quote an old Cincinnati editor, "Jimmy Cox was the best reporter and about the worst writer in southern Ohio. There was not a week that he did not turn in a sensational 'scoop,' and seldom were his facts wrong; never a faker, he never spared himself in any effort to get first-hand exclusive information. But when it came to writing it, the copy usually had to be 'done over' in the office. Jimmy never seemed to notice the fact that his literary sense was far inferior to his journalistic instinct. His only vanity was in being first; his only pride, in beating all rivals; and to be first he stopped at nothing. It was useless to talk to him of consequences or of policies. He lived solely for the moment, and his moment was now."

Among the prominent men whom young Cox knew well was Paul Sorg, tobacco millionaire. When Sorg was elected to Congress, he proposed that the enterprising young reporter become his private secretary, and when Cox went to Washington he was also the correspondent of two Ohio dailies.

To be "Washington correspondent"

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is the pinnacle of most youthful journalistic ambitions. Cox reached it before he was thirty, but he quickly saw that Washington correspondents are not only poorly paid, but that the sort of "leg" work in which he was proficient was little appreciated, while the "desk" work, for which he cared nothing, was the chief source of advancement. The youthful Cox decided that it was no place for him; certainly not at that stage of the game.

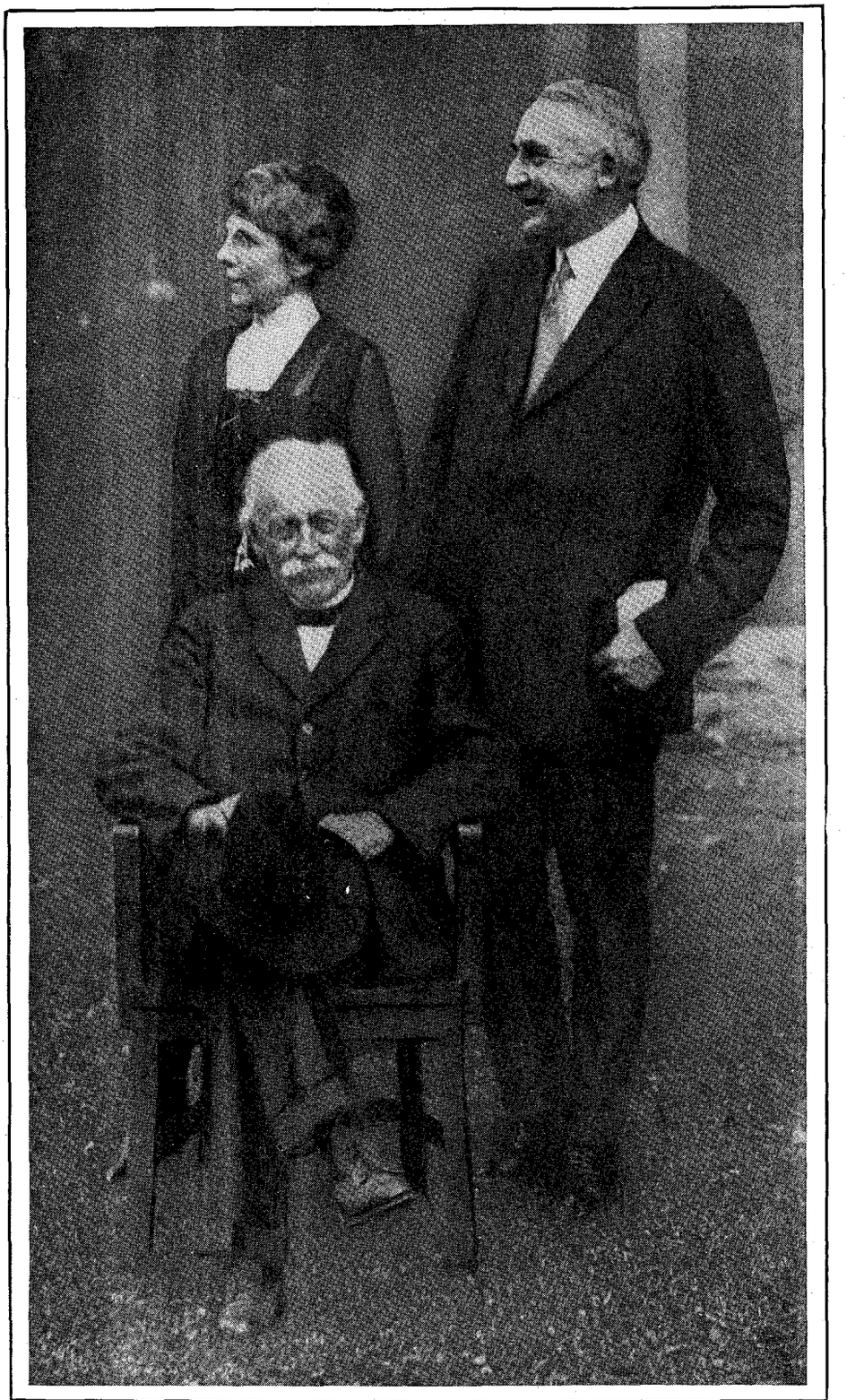
The Dayton "News," a floundering journal of great age but of uncertain future, was for sale. Congressman Sorg loaned Secretary Cox the money for its purchase. There was only one fly in this ointment. Sorg insisted that a number of prominent business men in Dayton be solicited to purchase shares of stock in the new enterprise, as he believed that the newspaper would thus gain a strength not entirely financial. Cox, beholden to his mentor, was obliged to consent, but bided his time.

Within fifteen years Cox had not only paid back all the money he owed Sorg, with interest, but had also bought out all his stockholders and was the sole proprietor of the Dayton "News," with no one to consult on policies and with no one to share his profits. He had also purchased and was the sole owner of the Springfield "News," which he also converted from a floundering into a flourishing property.

He entered Dayton burdened with debt. To-day, Governor of Ohio, Presidential nominee, his annual income is reported among his associates in Ohio to be in excess of $200,000 and his personal fortune in the early millions. Superficially, the ægis of success is seldom brighter.

But the present study is concerned primarily with methods and their indirections. Along what paths did Journalist Cox climb on his upward road? "Lucky Cox," some call him in Ohio, but if he was lucky, it was because he was quicker than others to divine the drift of events and to seize their advantage for his own. "'Cox-sure" is another phrase with the local *cognoscenti*, for hair-trigger certain he is each day, though his next day's certainty may belie all that went before.

These characteristics ruled the Dayton "News" throughout its stormy upbuilding. It was the period when the muckrake was mighty throughout the American newspaper world. None ventured more in the realms of *exposé* than the Dayton "News." No so-called "yellow" paper of Chicago, Denver, or New York went further in circuitous and persistent enterprise to "reveal" to the public the inner workings of big business. One after another Cox attacked the public utility corporations of Dayton, and nothing was more welcome in the editorial rooms of the Dayton "News" than publishable



Vail, Marion

SENATOR HARDING, WITH HIS WIFE AND FATHER, IS AT HOME IN A TOWN "WHERE EVERY ONE IS 'FOLKS'"

scandal concerning a citizen prominent because of his wealth. The lesser news most featured concerned violent death, divorce, crime, and sensational litigation. The appeal of the paper was frankly for a wide circulation among the more emotional.

Editor Cox seldom wrote an editorial. He cared very little for that part of his paper, so long as it remained consistently Democratic. As an editor his chief concern was for what is known as "creative" journalism. He wanted to be the agent or in the confidence of the agent who caused sensational things to happen, the focal point for publication being usually the filing of a suit in open court, but so arranged that the "News" would be first in the field with the announcement.

While the right hand of the editor was thus industriously concerned in stirring the boiling pot, the left hand of the cautious investor was not idle. Out of the swirl of *exposé* running through a decade he survived as the holder of

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blocks of stock in the telephone company, in the street railway company, and in the public gas companies. For none of these stocks did he pay cash or its equivalent, but devoted his "services" as organizer or promoter, so that eventually he emerged, what with the success of his papers and the increased value of his other holdings, a millionaire.

An episode of the Dayton flood, when Cox was Governor, illustrates the functioning of his dual capacity as State executive and newspaper opportunist. With admirable despatch he met the emergency of nature's cataclysm and as chief of the State neither slept nor ate until he had done all in his human power to alleviate the suffering and lessen the property loss, summoning assistance, getting off special relief trains, eliminating red tape in the syncope of a perilous hour.

Neither did he forget the Dayton "News." It, with its rivals, the "Journal" and "Herald," was inundated, and for a few days no presses in Dayton could work. As the managing editor of the "Journal-Herald" relates the story, a detachment of the State guard was ordered to take an old press from Columbus, load it on an empty box car, attach it to a relief train, and hasten it to Dayton along with the other supplies for the stricken populace. Just outside the inundated district the press was emplaced under a tent, guarded by the State troops, and given over to the Dayton "News," a gratuity not extended to the also suffering "Journal" and "Herald."

* * *

The old-fashioned words "conservative" and "radical" may be used to describe and differentiate the newspaper enterprises known as the Marion "Star" and the Dayton "News." But these terms only partially express the difference. From a purely professional and business point of view both are progressive and efficient institutions, and each leads in its community.

However, the soul that lies behind each is essentially of contrasting character, with roots that go deeper into our common humanity. Behind the Marion "Star" is a patriarchal disposition which looks upon a newspaper as a species of community center which should perform a service for all, and which no one man may dominate except in so far as his influence is recognized by common consent. Incidentally, it should be recorded that years ago Harding voluntarily offered shares in his paper to trusted employees at a time when he had acquired sole control. During a similar period Cox was buying out the partners who might later share profits.

Behind the Dayton "News" is what may be called, in a Socialistic sense, a "paternal" disposition. While no one except the owner holds any stock in the paper, old employees are well treated and retired on pensions. Public and other policies have the same inflection. Intelligent and unflagging attention is given to all questions, but the answers are always in terms of the decision of the sole individual who has been far-sighted and determined enough to acquire undisputed authority.

Translate this into terms of politics, and it may seem a paradox of Republicanism and Democracy. But here are the facts. They speak for themselves.

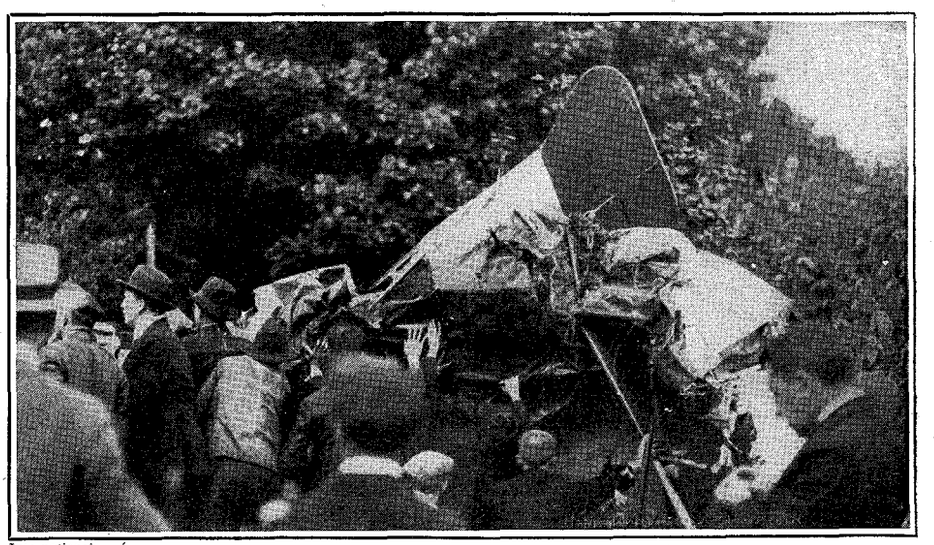
In an article in next week's Outlook Mr. Barry will discuss the two candidates as men in their respective communities, and the reactions they occasion among their associates

THE LAW OF THE AIR

BY WAYNE C. WILLIAMS

A NEW branch of the law is being developed—the law of the air. The development is going on right before your eyes. The present generation has seen the origin of this new branch of law and will see much of its development. Lawyers are not the only people who are interested in this kind of law; for while the lawyers have a technical interest in the peculiar legal principles that will be applied to airplanes, the public has even a greater interest.

Nobody thinks of the airplane as a trespasser or as a nuisance, yet this is precisely what the craft of the air is; and it is both of these things as well as a fine spectacular sight for everybody in America, from the smallest boy up to the oldest citizen. Being both a trespasser and a nuisance is what makes the airplane interesting to lawyers and is what gives it standing in the law, so to speak. It is because the airplane does trespass on the rights of others and because it may become a nuisance that it has so much legal interest for us. The airplane has been written about as a new bird of passage in the air, it has been complimented as the future arm of warfare, as the unifier of nations and the transport of commerce, but as a legal object it has not yet come clearly into the public view. But the law always follows the facts. The facts determine the fundamental conditions out of which the law springs, and the customs and habits which aircraft make necessary are already shaping the legal principles that will guide us in the future. Some of these principles are already at hand. The lawyer knows about them, and so does the layman. They are part and parcel of our common life.



International

A few moments before its tragic fall, which killed its pilot and his passenger, this airplane, flying low over the courts, had been a menace to the lives of thousands at the National Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills on Labor Day. Such an object lesson should be heeded by the law of the air

The leading principles are already here. These are the principles governing the law of trespass and nuisance. It now remains to apply and develop these principles. Strange it is that a craft so modern and unique that nothing like it was ever heard of before should have applied to it legal principles that are as old as Alfred the Great.

When we watch an aviator soaring over the earth, we do not think of him as a violator of the law, yet, techni-

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cally, that is what he is; for, throughout his journey, unless he be over the seas, he is flying over the land of others, and this flight is a trespass over the land. Of course the damage amounts to nothing, and no one would think of suing the poor aviator for doing what he could not very well help doing, but it is a trespass nevertheless.

EVERY AVIATOR A TRESPASSER

When we look into the old common law, we find that the theory of ownership has always been this: A man who owns a piece of land owns not only the surface of the land and the immediate subsoil, but he owns straight downward as far as he may wish to go and he owns straight upward into the sky. Let the reader imagine a line drawn around the boundary of a piece of land. Then project from this line perpendicular planes both upward and downward as far as he pleases, and all within these planes belongs to the owner of the land. Now any encroachment upon this domain is a trespass. In the theory of the common law, if you stick your finger into this domain bounded by these four planes you are a trespasser. The damage, we repeat, may not be measured in money, but you are nevertheless a trespasser. Unquestionably, in the view of the common law, every airplane flying over the land of others is, no matter at what height, a trespasser.

If we wish to be more technical and pursue this matter as a lawyer might follow it, we can turn to an ancient case that has a most interesting bearing upon the development of airplane law. The balloon offered the first situation out of which the development of air law may be said to have begun. In 1815 mention is made for the first time of the rights of a man in a balloon, in Pickering vs. Rudd, 1 Starkie, page 56, 4 Campb. 219, 16 Revised Rep. 777, and then as dictum. The plaintiff was objecting because the defendant had climbed on a temporary platform above his ground and lopped off a troublesome Virginia creeper that overhung the defendant's close. Lord Ellenborough observed: "I recollect a case where I held that firing a gun loaded with shot into a field was a breaking of the close. . . . I never yet heard that firing *in vacuo* could be considered as a trespass. . . . Would trespass lie for passing through the air in a balloon over the land of another?"

And here is an even more authoritative pronouncement. Pollock, the great English law writer on torts and other subjects, discusses the whole question in a brilliant manner. On page 423 of his work on "Torts" he says: "It has been doubted whether it is a trespass to pass over the land without touching the soil, as one may in a balloon, or to cause a material object, as shot fired from a gun, to pass over it. . . . It does not seem possible, on the principles of the common law, to assign any reason why an entry at any height above the surface should not also be a trespass. The improbability of actual damage may be an excellent practical reason for not suing a man who sails over one's land in a balloon; but this appears irrelevant to the pure legal theory. . . . Then one can hardly doubt that it might be a nuisance, apart from any definite damage, to keep a balloon hovering over another man's land."

THE LEGAL MIND

We have said that the aviator with his airplane might also be a nuisance, and here again we can satisfy even the lawyers by offering precedent and decided cases and whatever else the legal mind may demand to prove our point. Many cases might be quoted. In one the judge said as to the question of trespassing at a great height over the land of others: "If the case were that of a single landowner, I would be loth to hold that he had not the right to object to anybody putting anything over his land at any height."

Before we leave the purely legal side of this subject there is another interesting principle which the aviator must keep in mind, especially if he be flying anywhere over the State of New York, and that principle, expressed in plain human terms, is this: If his plane makes an unexpected descent, and thereby attracts a crowd which swarms on to some person's property and destroys something, the aviator may be liable. It will be enough to quote the language of the Court in this case. The layman will enjoy it as much as the lawyer: "I will not say that ascending in a balloon is an unlawful act, for it is not so; but it is certain that the aeronaut has no control over its motion horizontally; he is at the sport of the winds and is to descend when and how he can; his reaching the earth is a matter of hazard. . . . Now, if his descent under such circumstances would ordinarily and naturally draw a crowd of people about him, either from curiosity or for the purpose of rescuing him from a perilous situation, all this he ought to have foreseen and must be responsible for." This was the famous case of Guille vs. Swan, New York case, found at 19 Johns, page 381. The balloonist in this case had to pay $90 for potatoes, turnips, and flowers that were ruined by the onrush of his admirers who tried to rescue him; and the aviator who goes up must bear in mind that he may have to pay something for damages also.

IS IT ILLEGAL TO FLY?

The first and obvious step will be to legalize the right of an aviator to fly over the land of another and to make it no longer a trespass. Perhaps the common law will be modified by statutes which will create a zone of innocent passage and will provide that if the aviator flies at a reasonable height he will not be considered a trespasser. What a "reasonable height" is will vary with the localities, as a reasonable height over Long Island might not be reasonable over New York City.

A second development will be the creation of air routes along which it will be legally permissible for the aviator to fly.

Third, there must be a careful definition of ground rights, for the aviator is not independent of the earth, much as he seems to be when he soars above us. His starting and stopping points must be carefully laid out and defined and regulated and controlled by law.

Any future aviation code must provide, of course, for the licensing and numbering of all machines and all pilots. This will enable the public to fix responsibility and assess damages. The question of the liability of the owner of an airplane or of the pilot for any negligence which causes the death of passengers will not need the application of very many new principles. Probably the law is already sufficiently developed on this subject to permit legal determination now of any such question.

The future aviation code must provide for right of ways between machines in the air and under and lower zones of passage. It must prohibit dropping of parcels or the careless use of heavy weights in a machine. It may probably forbid the flying over any city whatsoever. It must strictly define the liabilities of the airplane as a carrier of freight.

Any aviation code must cover the question of crossing State boundary-lines and safeguard smuggling over international boundary-lines. This will become especially important in the enforcement of liquor laws and of neutrality obligations.

When we glance over these principles and think of them as applied to the flying-machines that are filling the air in America as never before, we see in outline what the future law of the air is to be. There are many principles not yet developed. There are many situations for which the law must yet be changed in order to fit; but the fundamental principles are already in view. Justice Brewer, speaking from the Supreme Bench of the United States, said: "Constitutional provisions do not change, but their operation extends to new matters as the modes of business and the habits of life of the people vary with each succeeding generation. . . . Just so it is with the grant to the National Government of power over inter-State commerce. The Constitution has not changed. The power is the same. But it operates to-day upon modes of inter-State commerce unknown to the fathers, and it will operate with equal force upon any new modes of such commerce which the future may develop."

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"NOTHING COULD BE MORE STRANGELY AND VOLUPTUOUSLY BEAUTIFUL THAN ALL THOSE MINARETS AND DOMES, THOSE LINES AND CURVES FORMED OF MYRIAD LAMPS," WROTE MR. LUCAS OF CONEY ISLAND AT NIGHT IN HIS COMMENT AT THE END OF LAST WEEK'S INSTALLMENT

International

AND THIS WEEK THE SECOND AND CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT, RESUMING WHERE THE LAST ONE LEFT OFF, BEGINS: "ONLY PERIODICALLY IS THERE IN ENGLAND ANYTHING LIKE CONEY ISLAND"

FROM AN AMERICAN NOTE-BOOK

BY E. V. LUCAS

ONLY periodically—when we have exhibitions at Earl's Court or the White City—is there in England anything like Coney Island. At Blackpool in August, and on Hampstead Heath on bank holidays, a corresponding spirit of revelry is attempted, but it is not so natural, it is vitiated by a self-conscious determination to be gay, and by not a little vulgarity. The revelers of Steeplechase Park seemed to me to be more genuine even than the throngs that crowd the Fête de Neuilly, and a vast deal happier.

One very striking difference between Coney Island and the French fairs is the absence of children from New York's "safety-valve," as some one described it to me. I saw hardly any. It is as though once again the child's birthday gifts had been appropriated by its elders; but, as a matter of fact, the parks of Steeplechase and Luna were, I imagine, designed deliberately for adults. Judging by the popularity of the Chutes and the Whips, the Switchbacks and the Witching Waves, eccentric movement has a peculiar attraction for the American holiday-maker. As some one put it, there is no better way, or at any rate more thorough way, of throwing young people together. Middle-aged people too. But the observer receives no impression of moral disorder. High spirits are the rule, and impropriety is the exception. Even in the auditorium at Steeplechase Park, where the *cognoscenti* assemble to witness the discomfiture of the uninitiate, there is nothing but innocent laughter as the skirts fly up before the unsuspected blast. Such a performance in England, were it permitted, would degenerate into ugliness; in France, too, it would make the spectator uncomfortable. But the essential public chastity of the American—I am not sure that I ought not here to write civilization of the Americans—emerges triumphant.

. . .

I was fortunate in being in New York when the Metropolitan Museum celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its birth, and I was therefore able to enjoy not only its normal treasures but such others as had been borrowed for birthday presents; which means that I saw Mrs. H. E. Huntington's Vermeer as well as the supreme Marquand example of that master, more than the regular wealth of Rembrandts, Manet's "Still Life," Gauguin's "Women by the River," El Greco's "View of Toledo," Franz Hals's big jovial Dutchman from Mr. Harry Goldman's walls, and Bellini's "Bacchanale"—to say nothing of the lace in galleries 18 and 19, the Eros from Boscoreale, and the various cases of porcelain from a score of collections. But without all these extra allurements I should have been drawn again and again to this wonderful Museum.

And this was not the limit of my good fortune as an investigator, however hurried, of New York's wealth in works of art—leaving for the moment the other cities out of the question. The Frick Gallery was, unfortunately, not accessible; but I was privileged to roam at will both in Mr. Morgan's library and in Mr. H. E. Huntington's, in each of which I saw such a profusion of unique and unappraisable autographs as I had not supposed existed in private hands. Rare books any one with money can have, for they are mostly in duplicate; but autographs and "association books" are unique, and America is the place for them. I had known that it was necessary to cross the Atlantic in order to see the originals of many of the pictures of which we in London have only the photographs. I knew that the bulk of the Lamb correspondence was in America, and at Mr. Morgan's I saw the author's draft of the essay on "Roast Pig," and at Mr. Newton's, in Philadelphia, the original of "Dream Children," an even more desirable possession. I knew that America had provided an eager home for everything connected with Keats and Shelley and Stevenson; but it was a surprise to find at Mr. Morgan's so wide a range of MSS., extending from Milton to Du Maurier, and from Bacon to "Dorian Grey;" while at Mr. Huntington's I had in my hands the actual foolscap sheets on which Heine composed his "Florentine Nights."

I ought, you say, to have known this before. May be. But that ignorance in

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such matters is no monopoly of mine I can prove by remarking that many an American collector with whom I have talked was unaware that the library of Harvard University is the possessor of all the works of reference—mostly annotated—which were used by Thomas Carlyle in writing his Cromwell and his Frederic the Great, and they were bequeathed by him in his will to Harvard University because of his esteem and regard for the American people, "particularly the more silent part of them."

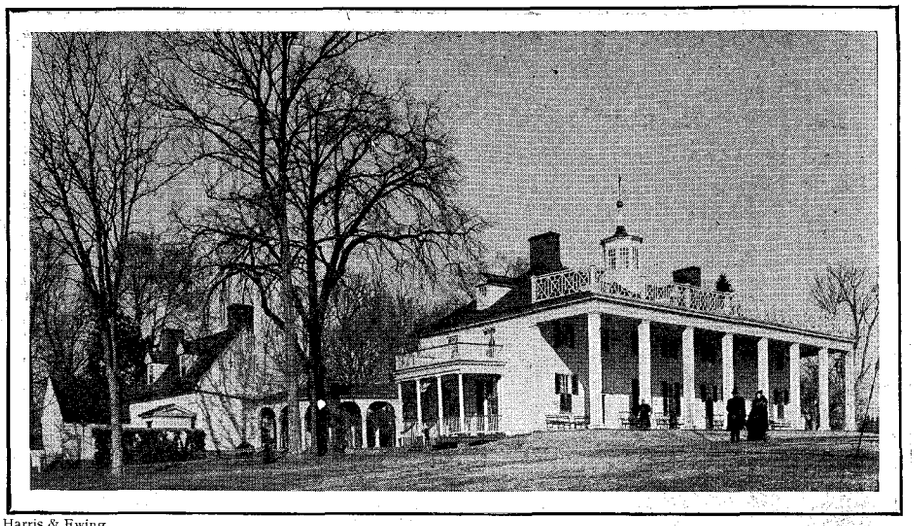
My hours in these libraries, together with a glimpse of the Widener room at Harvard and certain booksellers' shelves, gave me some idea of what American collectors have done towards making the New World a treasury of the Old, and I realized how more and more necessary it will be in the future for all critics of art in whatever branch, and literature in whatever branch, and all students even of antiquity, if they intend to be thorough, to visit America. This I had guessed at, but never before had known. For none of these treasures are going back. That is certain.

. . .

The English traveler lighting upon so many of the essentially English riches as are conserved in American libraries, and particularly when he has not a meager share of national pride, cannot but pause to wonder how it came about, and comes about, that so much that ought to be in its own country has been permitted to stray.

In England collectors and connoisseurs are by no means rare. What, then, were they doing to let all these letters of Keats and Shelley, Burns and Byron, Lamb and Johnson—to name for the moment nothing else—find their resting-place in America? The dollar is powerful, I know, but should it have been as pre-eminently powerful as this? Need it have defeated so much patriotism?

Pictures come into a different category; for every artist painted more than one picture. I have experienced no shade of resentment toward their new owners in looking at the superb collections of old and new foreign masters in the American public and private galleries, although I may still be surprised that Lord Lansdowne, after selling Rembrandt's "Mill" to Mr. Widener, was able to continue to call himself a trustee of our National Gallery; but so long as there are enough examples of the masters to go round, every nation should have a share. But with MSS. it is different. Facsimiles, such as the Boston Bibliographical Society's edition of Lamb's "Letters," would serve for the rest of the world, and the originals should be in their author's native land. But that is a counsel of perfection. The only thing to do is to grin and bear it and feel happy that these unique possessions



Harris & Ewing

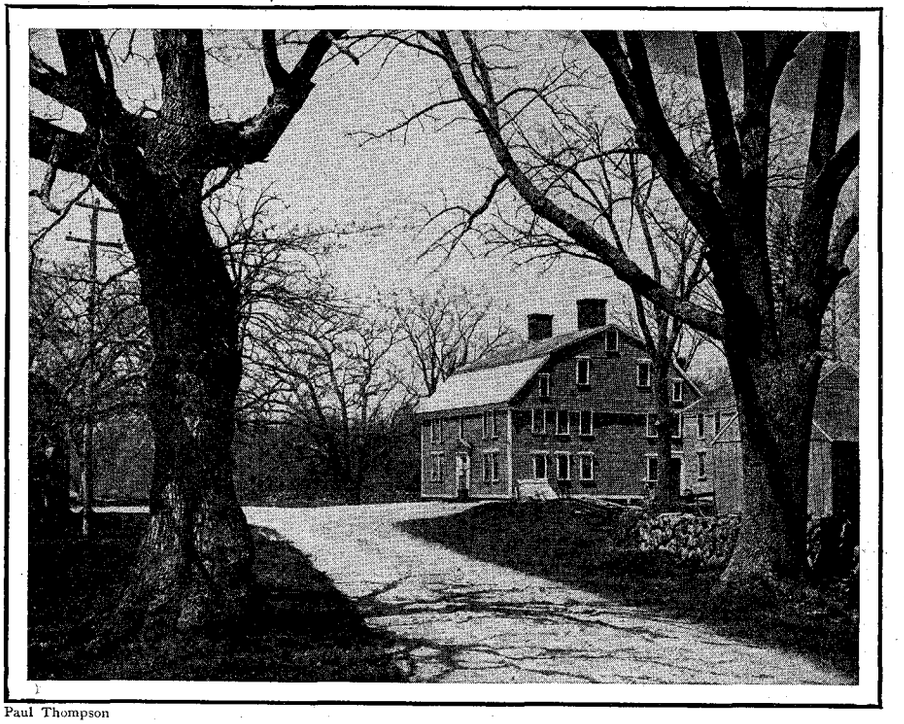
"WE HAVE NO PLACE OF NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE IN ENGLAND THAT IS SO PERFECT A MODEL AS WASHINGTON'S HOME AT MOUNT VERNON"

are preserved with such loving pride and care. Any idea of retaliation on America on the part of England by buying up the MSS. of the great American writers, such as Franklin and Poe, Hawthorne and Emerson, Thoreau and Lowell, Holmes and Whitman, was rendered futile by the discovery that Mr. Morgan had these too. I had in his library all the "Breakfast Table" series in my hands, together with a play by Poe not yet published.

. . .

Mention of the beautiful solicitude with which these treasures are surrounded suggests the reflection that the Old Country has something to learn from the New in the matter of distinguished custodianship. We have no place of national pilgrimage in England that is so perfect a model as Washington's home at Mount Vernon. It is perhaps through lack of a figure of the Washington type that we have nothing to compare with it; for any parallel one must rather go to Fontainebleau; but certain shrines are ours, and none of them discloses quite such pious thoroughness as this. When I think of the completeness of the preservation and reconstruction of Mount Vernon, where, largely through the piety of individuals, a thousand personal relics have been reassembled, so that, save for the sightseer, this serene and simple Virginian mansion is almost exactly as it was, I am filled with admiration. For a young people largely in a hurry to find time to be so proud and so reverent is a significant thing.

Nor is this spirit of pious reverence confined to national memorials. Long-



Paul Thompson

"LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN [AT SUDBURY] IN MASSACHUSETTS . . . . COMPARES NOT UNFAVORABLY WITH DOVE COTTAGE AT GRASMERE, AND CARLYLE'S HOUSE IN CHELSEA"

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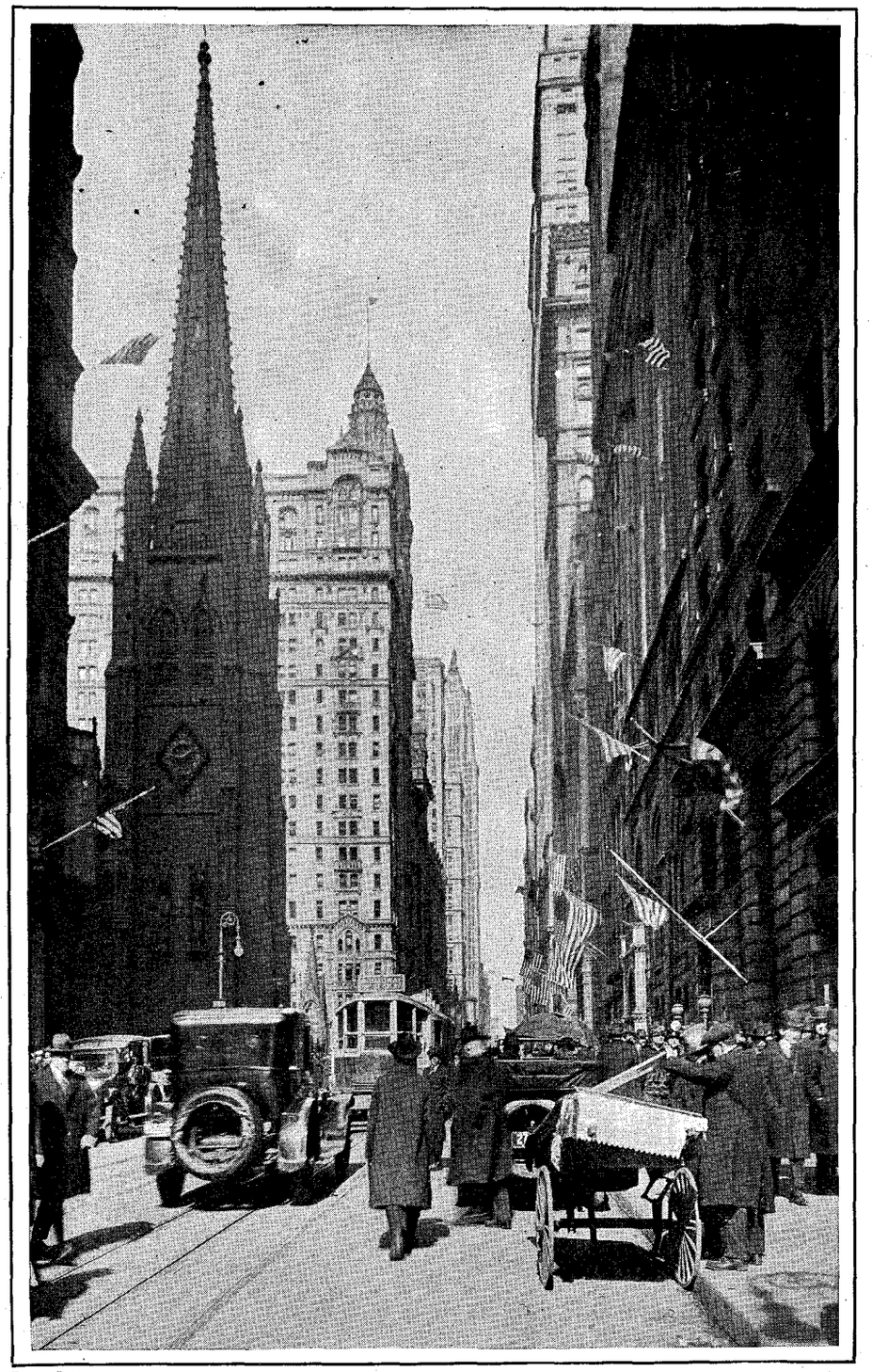

Brown Bros.

"IT IS INTERESTING TOO TO WATCH BROADWAY—WHICH, FOR ALL I KNOW, IS THE LONGEST STREET IN THE WORLD"

fellow's Wayside Inn, in Massachusetts, although still only a hostelry, compares not unfavorably with Dove Cottage at Grasmere and Carlyle's house in Chelsea. The preservation is more minute. But to return to Mount Vernon, the orderliness of the place is not its least noticeable feature. There is no mingling of trade with sentiment, as at Stratford-on-Avon, for example. Within the borders of the estate everything is quiet. I have never seen Americans in church (not, I hasten to add, because they abstain, but because I did), but I am sure that they could not, even there, behave more as if the environment were sacred. To watch the crowds at Mount Vernon and to contemplate the massive, isolated grandeur of the Lincoln Memorial now being finished at Washington is to realize that America, for all its superficial frivolity and cynicism, is capable of a very deep seriousness.

. . .

One has to ascend the Woolworth Building to appreciate at a blow with what discretion the original settlers of New York made their choice. It is interesting too to watch Broadway—which, for all I know, is the longest street in the world—starting at one's feet on its lawless journey to Albany: lawless because it is the only sinuous thing in this city of parallelograms, and has the effrontery to cross diagonally both Fifth Avenue and Sixth. Having dallied sufficiently on the Woolworth summit—it has a trifle of fifty-eight floors, but an express lift makes nothing of them—I continued the implacable career of the tripper by watching for a while the deafening curb market, which presented on that morning an odd appearance, more like Yarmouth beach than a financial center, for there had been rain, and all the street operators were in sou'westers and sea boots. There can be spasms of similar excitement in London, in the neighborhood of Capel Court, but we have nothing that compares so closely with this mêlée as Tattersall's Ring at Epsom just before the Derby.

It was a relief to resume my programme by entering that abode of the dumb and detached—the Aquarium in Battery Park. After such a scene "the incommunicable muteness of fishes" seemed far more fitting. The Bronx Zoo is not, I think, except in the matter of buffalo and deer paddocks, so good as ours in London, but it has this shining advantage—it is free. So also is the Aquarium in Battery Park, and it was pleasing to see how crowded the place can be. In England all interest in living fish, except as creatures to be coaxed towards hooks and occasionally retained there, has vanished; on the site of the old Westminster Aquarium the Wesleyans now manage their finance and determine their circuits, while the Brighton Aquarium, once famous all the world over, is a variety hall with barely a fin to its name.

After seeing the Aquarium in Honolulu, which is like a pelagic rainbow factory, and the Aquarium in New York, with all its strange and beautiful denizens, I am a little ashamed of our English apathy. To maintain picture galleries, where, however beautiful and chromatic, all is dead, and be insensitive to the loveliness of fish, in hue, in shape, and in movement, is not quite pardonable.

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I believe that few statements about America would so surprise English people as that it has beautiful architecture. I was prepared to find Boston and Cambridge old-fashioned and homelike—Oliver Wendell Holmes had done that for me; I had a distinct notion of the cool spaciousness of the White House and the imposing proportions of the Capitol; and of course I knew that one had but to see the sky-scrapers of New York to experience the traditional repulsion! But of the Church of St. Thomas on Fifth Avenue I had heard nothing, nor of Mr. Morgan's exquisite library, nor of the Grand Central terminus, nor of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, nor of the bland charm

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of Mount Vernon. Nor had I expected to find Fifth Avenue so dignified and cordial a thoroughfare.

Even less was I prepared for such metal work and stone work as are to be seen in some of the business houses—such as, for example, the new Guaranty Trust offices, both on Broadway and in Fifth Avenue, where a very beautiful doorway was being carved. Even the elevators (for which we in England, in spite of our ancient lethargy, have a one-syllable word) are often finished with charming taste.

Least of all did I anticipate the maturity of America's buildings. Those serene façades on Beacon Street overlooking the Common where the Autocrat used to walk (and I made an endeavor to follow his identical footsteps, for he was my first real author)—they are as satisfying as anything in Georgian London. And I shall long treasure the memory of the warm red brick and easy proportions of Faneuil Hall at Boston, and Independence Hall at Philadelphia, seen through a screen of leaves. But in England we have old red brick buildings and paneled rooms of exquisite proportions too; what we have not is anything to correspond with the spacious, friendly houses of wood which I saw in the country all about Boston and at Cambridge—such houses as that which was Lowell's home; each amid its own greenery. Nowhere, however, did I see a more comely manor-house of the old Colonial style than Anthony Wayne's, near Daylesford, in Pennsylvania. In England only cottages are built of wood, and I rather think that there are now by-laws against that.

Not all the good country houses, big and little, are, however, old. American architects in the past few years seem to have developed a very satisfying type of home, often only a cottage, and I saw a great number of these on the slopes of the Hudson, all the new ones combining taste with the suggestion of comfort. The conservation of trees wherever possible is an admirable feature of modern suburban building in America. In England the new suburb too often has nothing but saplings. In America, again, the houses, even the very small ones, are more often detached than with us. The terrace is evidently no longer an American institution except on the very fringe of cities.

. . .

Once the layout of New York has been mastered—its avenues and numbered cross streets—it is the most difficult city in the world to be lost in. But Boston is a different proposition. I found Boston hard to learn, but it was a pleasant task to acquire knowledge, for I was led into some of the quietest little Georgian streets I have ever been in, steep though some of them were, and along one of the fairest of green walks—that between the back of Beacon Street and the placid Charles.

"NOR HAD I EXPECTED TO FIND FIFTH AVENUE SO DIGNIFIED AND CORDIAL A THOROUGHFARE"

Against Boston I have a certain grudge, for I could find no one to direct me to the place where the tea was thrown overboard. But that it was subjected to this indignity we may be certain—partly from the testimony of subsequent events not too soothing to English feelings, and partly from the unpopularity which that honest herb still suffers in this country. Coffee, yes; coffee at all times, and very excellent coffee too; but no one will take any but the most perfunctory interest in the preparation of tea.

I found the harbor; I traversed wharf after wharf; but there was no visible record of the most momentous act of jettison since Jonah. In the top room, however, of Faneuil Hall, in the Honorable Artillery Company's headquarters, the more salient incidents of the struggle which followed are all depicted by bad but enthusiastic painters; and I saw in the distance the monument on Bunker's Hill.

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Boston has a remarkable art gallery and museum notable for its ancient Chinese paintings, its collection of Japanese prints—one of the best in the world, I believe—and a dazzling wall of water colors by Mr. Sargent. It was here that I saw my first Winslow Homers—two or three rapid sketches of fishermen in full excitement—and was conquered by his verve and actuality. In the Metropolitan Museum in New York I found him again, in oils, and my admiration increased. Surely no one ever can have painted the sea with

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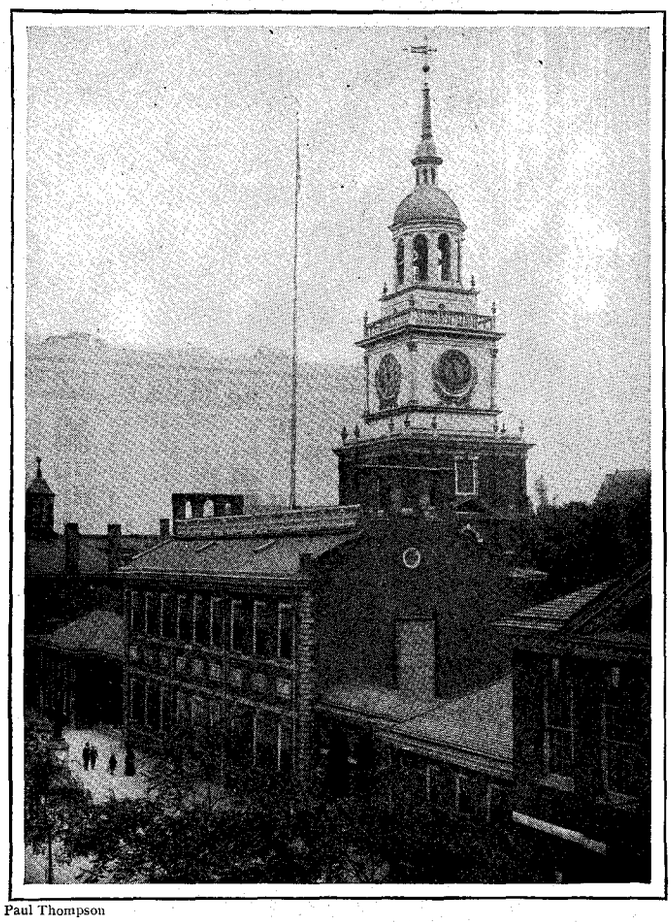

Paul Thompson

"I SHALL LONG TREASURE THE MEMORY OF THE WARM RED BRICK AND EASY PROPORTIONS OF .... INDEPENDENCE HALL, AT PHILADELPHIA"

such vividness, power, and truth! We have no example of his work in any public gallery in London; nor have we anything by W. M. Chase, Arthur B. Davies, Swain Gifford, J. W. Alexander, George Inness, or De Forest Brush. It is more than time for another American Exhibition. As it is, the only modern American artists of whom there is any general knowledge in England are Mr. Sargent and Mr. Pennell, and the late E. A. Abbey, G. H. Boughton, and Whistler.

The Boston Gallery also is the proud possessor of the rough and unfinished but "speaking" likeness of George Washington, by his predestined limner, Gilbert Stuart, and also a companion presentment of Washington's wife. Looking upon this lady's countenance and watching a party of schoolgirls who were making the tour of the rooms, not uncomforted on their arduous adventure by chocolate and other confections, it occurred to me that if America increases her present love of eating sweets, due, I am told, not a little to prohibition, George Washington will gradually disappear into the background and Martha Washington, who has given her name to candy, be venerated instead —the Sweet Mother of her Country.

To return to pictures, one of my special purposes in visiting Boston was to see the decorations in the Public Library by Puvis de Chavannes, by Abbey, and by Mr. Sargent, and I was pained to find that the work of the two American artists has become so dingy. The colors seem either to have sunk in or to be overlaid by grime. The great Frenchman's cool tones have worn better. And then I went to Mrs. Jack Gardner's, where I had the privilege of seeing not only another of America's Vermeers but another of America's architectural fantasias—for the picture was isolated for me against a stone column in a courtyard that might have been in Florence.

. . .

I was fortunate in the city over which William Penn, in giant effigy, keeps watch and ward, in having as guide, philosopher, and friend Mr. A. Edward Newton, the Johnsonian, and the author of one of the best examples of "amateur" literature that I know—"The Amenities of Book-Collecting." Mr. Newton took me everywhere, even to the little seventeenth-century Swedish church, which architecturally may be described as the antipodes of Philadelphia's newest glory, the Curtis Building, where editors are lodged like kings and can be attained to (if at all) only through marble halls. We went to St. Peter's, where, suddenly awakening during the sermon, one would think one's self to be in a London city church; and to the Historical Museum, where I found among the Quaker records many of my own ancestors, and was bewildered amid such a profusion of relics of Penn, Washington, and Franklin. In the old Library were more traces of Franklin, including his famous electrical appliance—again testifying to the white flame with which American hero-worship can burn; and we found the sagacious Benjamin once more at the Franklin Inn, where the simplicity of the eighteenth century mingles with the humor and culture of the twentieth. We then drove through several miles of Fairmount Park, stopping for a few minutes in the hope of finding the late J. G. Johnson's Vermeer in the gallery there; but for the moment it was in hiding, the walls being devoted to his Italian pictures.

Finally we drew up at the gates of that strange and imposing Corinthian temple which might have been dislodged from its original site and hurled to Philadelphia by the first Quaker, Poseidon—the Girard College. This solemn fane we were permitted to enter only on convincing the porter that we were no ministers of religion—an easy enough task for Mr. Newton, who wears with grace the natural abandon of a Voltairean, but a difficult one for me. Why the worthy "merchant and mariner" was so suspicious of the cloth, no matter what its cut, I do not know; no doubt he had his reasons; but his prejudices are faithfully respected by his janitor, whose eye is a very gimlet of suspicion. However, we got in and saw the philanthropist's tomb and his household effects behind those massive columns.

. . .

That evening I spent in Mr. Newton's library among Blake and Lamb and Johnson autographs and MSS., breaking the Tenth Commandment with a recklessness that would have satisfied and delighted Stephen Girard's gatekeeper; and the next day we were off to Valley Forge to see with what imaginative thoughtfulness the Government has been transforming Washington's camp into a National Park and restoring the old landmarks. It was a fine spring day and the woods were flecked with the white and pink blossoms of the dogwood—a tree which in England is only an inconspicuous hedgerow bush, but here has both charm and importance and some of the unexpectedness of tropical growth. I wish we could acclimatize it.

The memorial chapel now in course of completion on one of the Valley Forge eminences seemed to me a very

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admirable example not only of modern Gothic but of votive piety. And such a wealth of American symbolism cannot exist elsewhere But in the severe little cottage where Washington made his headquarters, down by the stream, with all his frugal campaigning furniture and accessories in their old place, I felt more emotion than in the odor of sanctity. The simple reality of it conquered the stained glass.

. . .

Looking back on it all, I realize that America never struck me as a new country, although its inhabitants often seemed to be a new people. The cities are more mature than the citizens. New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington—all have an air of permanence and age. The buildings, even when most fantastic, suggest indigenousness or at least stability; nor would the presence of more ancient structures increase this effect. To the eye of the ordinary Englishman, accustomed to work in what we call the City, in Fleet Street, in the Strand, in Piccadilly or in Oxford Street, New York would not appear to be a younger place than London, and Boston might easily strike him as older. Nor is London more than a little older, except in spots, such as the Tower and the Temple and the Abbey and that little Tudor row in Holborn, all separated by vast tracts of modernity. Indeed, I would almost go further and say that London sets up an illusion of being newer even than New York, by reason of its more disturbing street traffic both in the roads and on the footways, and the prevalence of the gayly colored omnibus which thunders along so many thoroughfares, in notable contrast with the sedate and sober vehicles that serve Fifth Avenue and are hardly seen elsewhere.

Meanwhile an illusion of antiquity is set up by New York's habit of commingling business houses and private residences—which surely belongs to an older order of society. In London we have done away with such a blend. Our nearest approach to Fifth Avenue is, I suppose, Regent Street; but there are no mansions among the shops of Regent Street. Our shops are there and our mansions are elsewhere, far away, in what we call residential quarters—such as Park Lane, Queen's Gate, the Bayswater Road, and Grosvenor Square. To turn out of Fifth Avenue into the quiet streets where people live is to receive a distinct impression of sedateness such as New York is never supposed to convey. One has the same feeling in the other great cities.

. . .

But when it comes to their inhabitants, there are, to the English eye, fewer signs of maturity. I have never been able to get rid of the idea that every one I have met in America, no matter how grave a senior, instead of being really and self-consciously in the thick of life, is only getting ready to begin. Perhaps this is due in part to the pleasure, the excitement almost, which American business men—and all Americans are business men—take in their work. They not merely do it, but they enjoy doing it, and they watch themselves doing it. They seem to have a knack of withdrawing aside and observing themselves as from the stalls, not without applause. In other words, they dramatize continually. Now one does not do this when one is old—it is a child's game—and it is another proof that they are younger than we, who do not enjoy our work, and indeed most of us are ashamed of it, and want the world to believe that we live like the lilies on private means.

Similarly, many Americans seem, when they talk, to be two persons—one the talker and the other the listener, charmed by the quality of his discourse. There is nothing detrimental in such duplicity. Indeed, I think I have a very real envy of it. But I have no envy of the American man's inability to "loaf and invite his soul," as his great democratic poet was able to do. I think his unfamiliarity with armchair life is a misfortune. That article of furniture we must suppose is for older civilizations, where men have either, after earning the right to recline, taken their ease gracefully, or have inherited their fortune and are partial to idleness. It consorts ill with those who are still either continually and restlessly in pursuit of the dollar or are engaged in the occupation of watching dollars arrive.

. . .

One of the things, I take it, for Americans to learn is how to transform money into a friend. So many men who ought to be quietly rejoicing in their riches seem still to be anxious and acquisitive; so many men who have become suddenly wealthy seem to be allowing their gains to ruin their happiness. For the Nation's good nearly every one, I fancy, has too much money.

. . .

If I were an American, although I traveled abroad now and then (and I hold that it is the duty of a man to see other lands but live in his own), I should concentrate on America. It is the country of the future.

I am glad I have seen it and now know something—however slight—about it, at first hand. I made many friends there and amassed innumerable delightful memories. But what is the use of eight weeks? I am ashamed not to have come sooner and humiliated by the brevity of my stay. I have had the opportunity only to lift a thousand curtains, get a glimpse of the entertainment on the other side and drop them again. I should like to come here every other year and have time—time to make the acquaintance of a naturalist and learn from him the names of birds and trees and flowers; time to disregard the sailing of ships; time to loiter in the byways; time to penetrate into deeper strata where intimacies strike root and the real discoveries are made; time to discern beneath the surface, so hard and assured, something fey, something wistful, the sense of tears.

A great agricultural revolution is taking place in America. J. Madison Gathany describes it in next week's issue of The Outlook in the second of his articles on "What's the Matter with the Eastern Farmer?" He traveled over 3,500 miles during July and August to obtain his facts for these articles. He talked to hundreds of farmers, farmers' wives, hired help, bankers, merchants, and farm authorities. He is no dilettante when it comes to the problems of the American farmer. He was born in a log cabin in the hills of Pennsylvania, and was raised on a farm.

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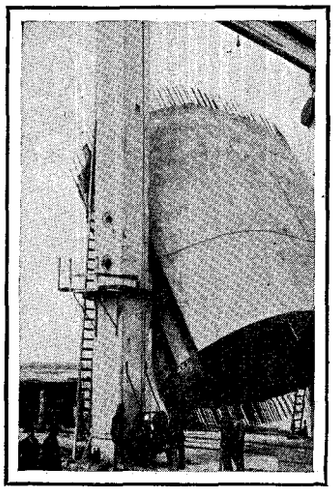
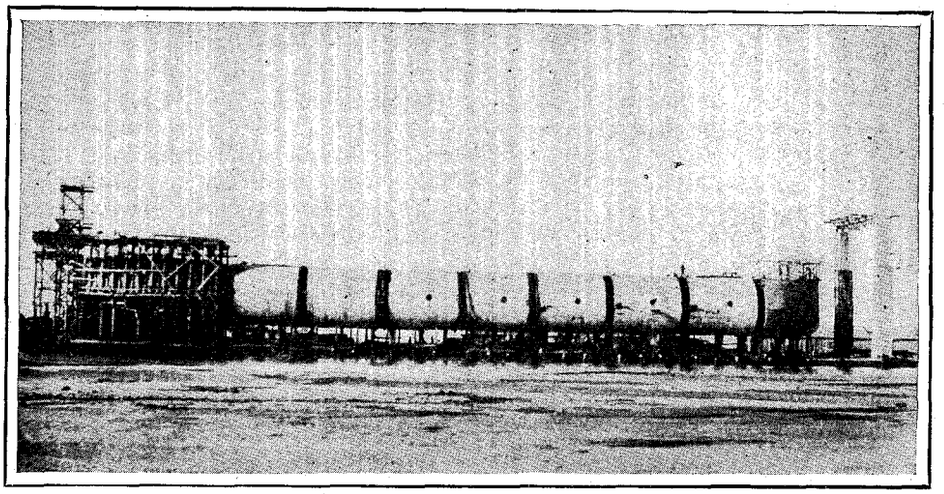
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS

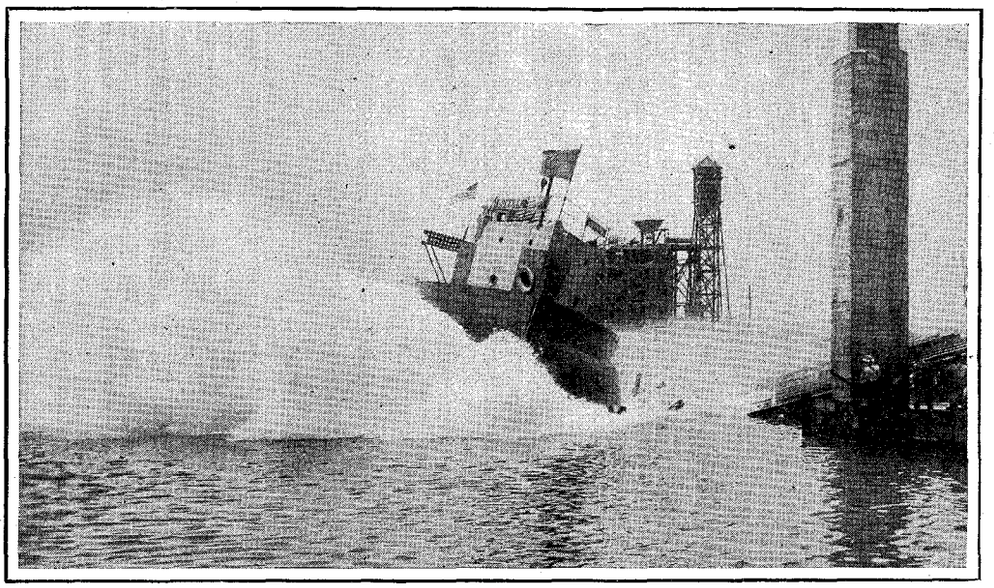
(See offer on page 171)



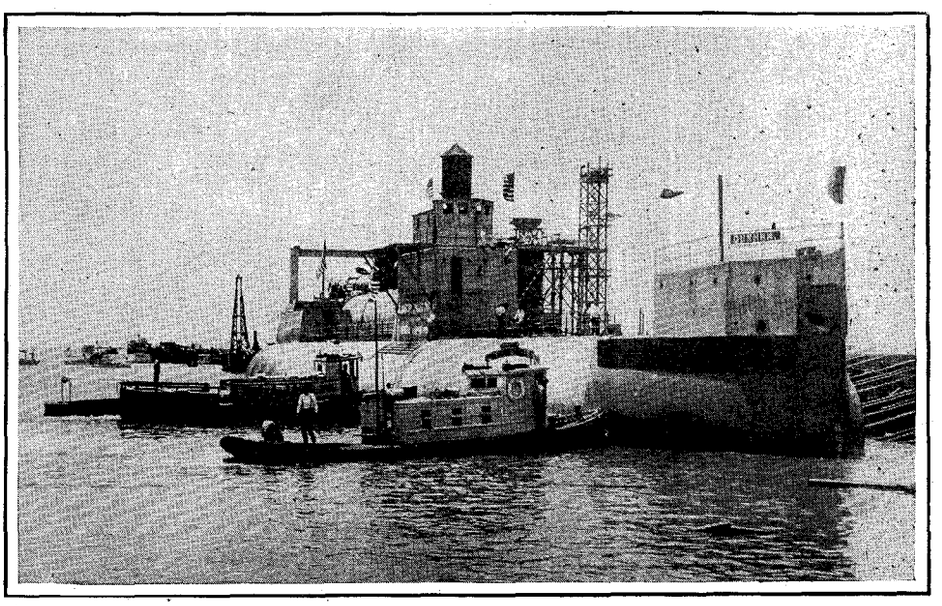
ONE OF THE SECTIONS CAST VERTICAL ABOUT TO BE LOWERED INTO POSITION AFTER LINING UP WITH OTHER SIMILAR SECTIONS AS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE AT THE RIGHT



A VIEW OF BOW AND STERN WITH ALL INTERMEDIATE SECTIONS LINED UP READY TO BE CONNECTED BY CONCRETING WITH THE CEMENT GUN



SIDEWISE LAUNCHING OF THE TANKER



THE VESSEL RIDING AT ANCHOR AFTER BEING LAUNCHED

From H. Colin Campbell, Oak Park, Ill.

A CONCRETE OIL TANKER BUILT IN AN UNUSUAL WAY AFTER AN UNUSUAL DESIGN

The accompanying views show various stages and features of construction of one of two concrete vessels intended for the transport of crude oil from the Mexican fields at Tampico to Texas refineries. These unusual vessels have been building for several months. They are novel not only in form but because of the methods followed in their construction. The entire hull and most of the superstructure are of concrete. The bow and stern sections were cast in normal position, but the several sections between going to make up the entire vessel were cast vertical, just as concrete tanks are built, then lowered into place, properly lined up and connected by depositing cement with the device known as a cement gun

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

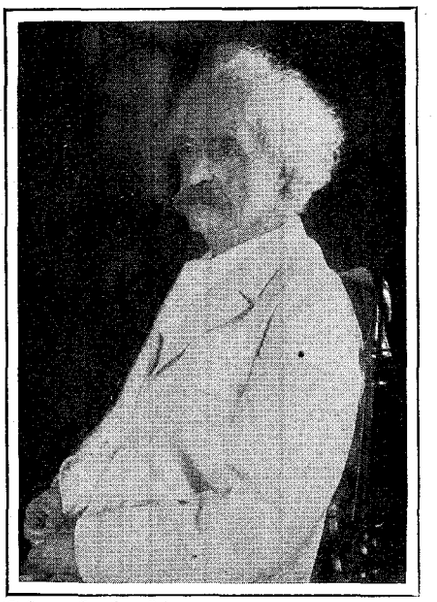
THE "JUST ISSUED" OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE

WHAT were the new books put into our grandparents' hands in 1871? What stories and poems were they reading fresh from the presses of that mid-Victorian day, with Grant seated in the American White House? What "heavier" works were serving as texts for a more serious few—titles now catalogued as history or science, philosophy or religion, then first winning right to the "standard" position they have come to enjoy? Despite the space so called for, it would be more than a little interesting to give the full list of the issues of half a century back, for nothing would better prove the contention that of every 1,000 volumes 650 fail to outlive the very year of issue, that only 100 reach a ten-year life, and that not above a dozen exceed that. This is out of the question, however. Such statistics are probably not attainable even by the patient research of delving scholarship. Only a very few, relatively speaking, may be here set down; the best of the period, of course, generally considered, though of real interest, too, albeit of other sort, since, as Andrew Lang once said, "Tell me the books a man reads and I'll tell you the kind of man he is." So, what manner of folk were our fathers' and mothers' fathers and mothers?

The background to the literary events of 1871 was not unlike that of to-day, in that a war had but just closed and political happenings of lasting import were occurring in parts of Europe. January 18 saw the King of Prussia proclaimed German Emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, and a fortnight later Paris capitulated. The Commune burst in mid-March. August closed with order again restored and Thiers duly named first President of the Third Republic. The second of the two main currents of European events was of course the unification of Italy under the "Great" Victor Emmanuel. The doctrine of Papal Infallibility marked the time, it is true, but the Papal States had ceased to exist as a separate entity in the peninsula, and Rome's self had become the capital of the Kingdom, with Pius IX quite literally a prisoner in the Vatican. In which connection it is to the point to recall that Richard Henry Dana, Jr., "Free Soiler" as he had been in the years following his stirring "Two Years Before the Mast," now set to paper his "Letters on Italian Unity," to-day forgotten, though then widely read.

Gladstone was another of the many publicists of the time to express high hopes of Italy's enlarged future, but these were confined to his speeches in the Commons, where he had been for three years leading his first Government. His great opponent, Disraeli, was in that same twelvemonth preparing his novels for collected issue, the "Lothair" of '70 rounding out the trio of "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," which had stirred the select circles of the later forties. In 1871 the British Commission upon the revision of the Bible had been at work for several months; Stanley was in Africa on that famous search which was at last to lead him to the lost Livingston; the Suez Canal had been open for traffic rather more than a year, and the Mont Cenis Tunnel had just been completed. The Polaris expedition was setting out on a vain quest for the Pole. Revolt held its customary stage in Mexico. Japan was abolishing feudalism. French and American troops were ashore in Korea, protecting interests which a religious outbreak had threatened. In this country, New York was agog over the exposure of the Tweed Ring and Grant was to take the first step towards Civil Service Reform. George William Curtis, by the by, then seated in the "Editor's Easy Chair" in the house of Harpers, was



(C) George Grantham Bain

FIFTY YEARS AGO MARK TWAIN WAS BUSY SETTLING DOWN IN HIS NEW HOME AT HARTFORD—AND JUST YESTERDAY THIS SAME HOME OF HIS WAS THROWN ON THE OPEN MARKET

to serve on the Civil Service Commission, writing, "It may well prove the most worthwhile work to which I ever laid hand," to George Henry Boker, then just gone out to Constantinople as our Minister to the Porte.

It was the year of the deaths of Herschel and Paul de Kock, of Alice and Phœbe Cary (within six months one of the other), and of the veterans Grote and Ticknor. It was the birth year of Synge and "Coniston" Churchill. Vaughan Moody and Lawrence Binyon were babes in arms, Gorky and Rostand were toddlers, Clyde Fitch and Kipling, H. G. Wells and Le Gallienne were in the nursery, W. W. Jacobs and "Anthony Hope," W. J. Locke and "Q," scarce out of it. School days were opening for Hewlett and Seaman and Barrie and Owen Wister, for Crockett and Doyle and Jerome, for Margaret Deland and Alice Brown. Woodrow Wilson had reached the antiquity of fifteen; Jusserand was a year older still, while legal maturity had but then come to Du Maupassant and Robert Louis Stevenson, Pierre Loti and Augustine Birrell and Eugene Field. Henley was taking the first tentative steps in London journalism; Lanier was making a beginning at the law in his father's Southern office.

If these were yet a distance from productive years, there were a-many others of tried and valued skill, equally silent for the time. Carlyle, though alive, had ceased to write. Bancroft, working steadily upon his periodically published volumes, sent none to the press in '71. Parkman's "Old Régime in Canada," to be the fifth in his splendid series, was in the making only. Motley, just recalled from the Ambassadorship of St. James's, had begun upon the "John of Barnevelde," to be offered the public in another two years. Green's "Short History" and Stubbs's "Constitutional History" were also to appear in '74. Forster was closing his Life of Dickens, while that co-laborer of "Boz," Wilkie Collins, having finished his "Man and Wife" the summer previous, was now supervising the dramatizing and producing of "The Woman in White," which a dozen years before had introduced English novel readers to the delightfully wicked Fosco and boringly virtuous Fairlie. It was the year when Besant and Rice, having formed one of the happiest partnerships known to letters, were casting into shape "Ready Money Mortiboy." Charles Kingsley and George Meredith and Samuel Clemens, whatever they may have been writing, were publishing nothing; "Mark Twain," indeed, was at the moment settling down in the new house at Hartford, too busy to think of starting on a successor to "Innocents Abroad."

The poetic sensation of the world was still the "Collected Poems" which Dante Gabriel Rossetti had sent forth, to be attacked so virulently in '72 by Robert Buchanan's "The Fleshly School" in the "Contemporary Review," and to be defended so scathingly (to Buchanan *et al.*) by the young Swinburne in his "Under the Microscope." Edwin Arnold (still a half-dozen years short of his "Sir") was silent, as were Whittier and Holmes. Bayard Taylor, with the scholarly "Faust" a twelvemonth upon its road of long success, was beginning "The Masque of the Gods." Aldrich, editing "Every Saturday," found no time for versifying on his own account.

But there were "big books," none the less. Robert Browning, for instance, then living, a widower, on Warwick Crescent, published in 1871 not only his "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," but also "Balaustion's Adventure," and Bryant, just off for a year in Mexico, found time between his addresses on Italian liberty and Morse to supervise the issue of his authoritative translation of the Odyssey. On the heels of this unquestioned volume came Darwin's "Descent of Man," so widely questioned as to find Frances Power Cobb but one of thousands feeling "deadliest alarm" upon its reading; nor was four-year-old Finley Peter Dunne yet able to reassure us with his pleasant idea about it being, after all, better to be an improvement on a monkey than a degenerated archangel. To balance Darwin, as it were, James Freeman Clarke, then closing his Harvard professorship in natural religion and Christian doctrine, in '71 issued the first of his searching volumes on the "Ten Great Religions of the World." Lowell, whose "Among My Books" had assured him the year before of primacy in American literary criticism, now came out with the no less finished and delightful papers of "My Study Window."

Shall one set beside "The Descent of

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Man" and "Balaustion" "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" and "Middlemarch"? Or, to put it another way, what are the relative values of scientific surmise and poetic inspiration on the one side, and fanciful imagination and great character delineation on the other? Time herself has given true answer; Casaubon will outlive Balaustion, and the "Carroll" philosophy has won a larger following than Darwin's. Beyond all doubting, it is completely worth affectionate recalling that in 1871 the Mathematical Lecturer of Christ Church exactly doubled the world's debt to him by following the "Wonderland" Alice of '66 with this later chronicle of her adventures behind the mantel glass in her father's drawing-room. Tweedledum and -dee, the Mad Hatter and the White Knight, the Walrus and the Carpenter, what an enriching was there of our happiest memories, what a spring of perpetual enjoyment! We were some day to have his immortal Snark, and "Sylvie and Bruno" were to sail into a sea of popularity, thanks largely to the Alician craft which had led the way, but it was 1871's volume which signed and sealed, while men shall read and children wonder, Dr. Dodgson's diploma as one of the Immortals of Letters. The place of "Middlemarch" in English fiction is too assured to debate, however real a ground exists for the question as to whether or not it is George Eliot's greatest story. Comparatives are uncalled for certainly when one thinks again of the consistent hold the tale maintains on its readers, and of the perfect craftsmanship of the work which brought to us the miser Featherstone and the caustic Mrs. Cadwallader, Dorothea and the hypocritical Bulstrode. First editions of the novel bear date of 1872, but its inclusion in this roster is justified through the fact that in the close of 1871 it began its serial appearances in the honored pages of old "Blackwood's."

The closing word of the paragraph suggests that '71 saw several changes of note in the more famous of the literary periodicals. Leslie Stephen had just gone over to edit the "Cornhill," which Thackeray had started a dozen years before. De Blowitz then took service with the London "Times," and John Boyle O'Reilly then became part owner and whole editor of the Boston "Pilot," in which his songs were appearing. Howells, supplanting James T. Fields in the "Atlantic" offices, was contributing "Their Wedding Journey" to its pages, where were carried, too, Fields's "Our Whispering Gallery"—a title advisedly changed later, for publication between book covers, to "Yesterdays with Authors." John Hay's "Castilian Days" was in its last installment as '71 came in; Henry James's "Watch and Ward" took over its space. Fiske, only five years out of Harvard, was writing for the magazine his "Light and Darkness." Harte, who had just come East from a University of California professorship and his success as editor of the "Overland," set his name among those of Higginson and Lydia Maria Child and Stedman, Saxe and Celia Thaxter, Longfellow and Whittier and the Carys, as an "Atlantic" contributor. "Putnam's" was in its heyday, with Parke Godwin at the helm, accepting material from such veterans as Buchanan Read and Goldwin Smith (who was packing up to seek Toronto after his Cornell years), and such newcomers as John Burroughs and R. H. Stoddard, the latter a clerk in the offices of the Dock Commission. Lowell was in '71 serving his last year as editor of the "North American Review," printing there many of the "My Study Window" papers, with Charles Francis Adams, Jr., covering so very modern-sounding a topic as "The Government and the Railroad Corporations."

Whitman and Longfellow, Tennyson and Ruskin, and not a few other men of first rank, were publishing in 1871, but issuing works not of their best. The "Democratic Vistas" of the "Good Gray Poet," for instance, was certainly neither of the caliber of the "Leaves of Grass" of '55 or the later "Specimen Days." Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy" is perhaps the weakest link in his poetic trilogy, as, indeed, it was bound to be, since it was, after all, no more than a metrical paraphrase of the unapproachable Gospel telling of the story—even as Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette," also of the '71 vintage, falls noticeably below the level of the earlier "Idylls." Ruskin in this twelvemonth set his name to two title-pages not of first value—"Fors Clavigera" and "At Last." Huxley, serving on the London School Board, issued a volume of essays, Freeman another, Froude his work on "Calvinism," and Tyndall his "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." "Friendship's Garland" was assuredly below the expected level of Matthew Arnold, who had just been awarded the order of Commander of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his tutorship of the Duke of Genoa; and Sir Arthur Helps, a C. B. on the latest Honor List, put out "Trivia" and a Life of Cortez.

There were other "second rankers," as we now place them, yet deserving of reminiscent mention; Palgrave's "Lyrical Poems," for one, uninspired but scholarly and far more readable than its present-day neglect might suggest, and, for another, the "Admetus," which had then just come from the youthful hand of the immensely talented Emma Lazarus, her second volume, though she was not yet twenty-three. It was the year of Trollope's "Sir Harry Hotspur" and "Ralph the Heir," of Reade's "Terrible Temptation" (following sharply after that "Put Yourself in His Place" which had presented labor trouble in a way strangely modern), of the "Tower Hill" of Ainsworth, with "Boscobel" next to come, and of two of the most delightful of the William Black romances—"A Daughter of Heth" and "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," though the latter came from the presses anonymously. Eggleston then sent forth "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," the first of his eight stories, and Louisa Alcott followed the ever-charming "Little Women" of '68 and "An Old-Fashioned Girl" of '70 with "Little Men."

Are some of these close upon being forgotten? What, then, of Bulwer's "Julian Fane" and Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny," of Henry Kingsley's "Hetty" and Mrs. Craik's "Hannah"—all of '71's imprint? This mention of "Miss Mulock," by the way, suggests still another of the books of the day—one which met with most enthusiastic welcoming though it now rests gray with the undisturbed dust of years. Mrs. Craik had stood godmother to Philip Bourke Marston, had addressed to him her "Philip My King," and now this blind poet, just of legal age, gave the public that "Song-Tide and Other Poems" which no less a one than Dante Rossetti thought "worthy of Shakespeare in his subtlest lyric moods." Alas for the judgments of past time! One wonders if an examination of Whipple's "Success and its Conditions," the last of the forty titles on this semi-centenary list, embodied criteria as little dependable.

ON GROWING OLD

(*From "Enslaved and Other Poems"*)

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

Be with me Beauty for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving,
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute,
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander,
Your cornland, nor your hill-land nor your valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken squadron rallies.

Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have power
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower
Spring time of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its fashion
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.

Give me but these, and though the darkness close
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

POETRY

Enslaved and Other Poems. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. Masefield has again vindicated his right to be placed among the very foremost of modern English poets. His mastery of rhythm and his narrative power were never more strikingly shown than in the present volume. One of the shorter poems from this collection is republished on this page.

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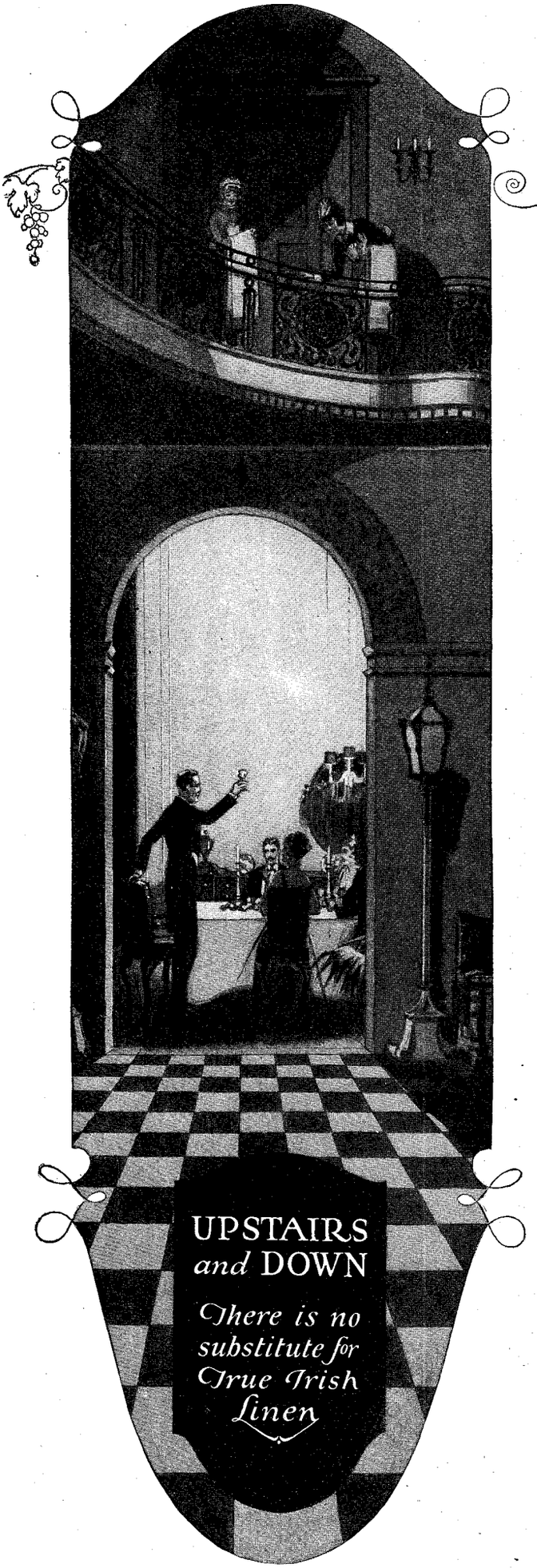

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Campaigning by Slander

WHAT is the gravest part of the charge made by Governor Cox against the Republican party? Just what is it that makes his charge so serious? Have you any reasons for believing that it is or is not so?

Can the people of a nation be free if it maintains a corrupt government? Why or why not?

Some people criticise the Republican party for using the Liberty Loan method in securing its campaign funds. If the object of campaign contributions is both legal and moral, ought citizens to be concerned about the methods used to secure the amount, or the amount secured? If so, has this any bearing upon Mr. Cox's charges?

What were some of the "gum-shoe" methods used in some of our past Presidential campaigns? Do you praise or condemn these methods?

Name and discuss possible results of the charges made by Governor Cox against the Republican party. Have these charges had any effect upon your personal opinion of the Republican party, or the Democratic party, or the Government of the United States, or the voters?

Investigate with great care the meaning and the nature of treason. In your opinion, does or does not The Outlook go too far in saying that the charges made by Governor Cox against the Republican party partake of the nature of treason?

Does the failure to substantiate accusations with evidence justify the conclusion found in the last paragraph of this editorial?

Among valuable books on political parties for your library are the following: "Introduction to Political Parties and Practical Politics," by P. O. Ray (Scribners); "Preface to Politics," by W. Lippman (Holt); "The Boss and the Machine," by S. P. Orth (Yale University Press); "The New Voter," by C. W. Thompson (Putnams).

The Primaries and the Maine Election

In this issue The Outlook comments upon the results of the primary elections in Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Georgia, and the election in Maine. Do you note points common to all of these elections?

Have the primary results in these four States settled anything? Of what value are primary elections in general? Are they worth the cost involved?

Is Maine normally a Republican State? Is the present Governor Republican? If it is normally Republican, do the results in its election have any significant bearing upon the Presidential election that takes place next November?

In its comments on the primary elections The Outlook refers to Non-Partisanship in Wisconsin, the Esch-Cummins Railway Bill, the Frank case, and, by implication, to the "solid South." What do you know about these?

The Outlook speaks of Thomas E. Watson as a demagogic leader. A number of editors used to refer to Theodore Roosevelt in exactly these terms. What are the characteristics of a demagogic leader? Was Mr. Roosevelt such?

What, in your opinion, do the results of the primaries thus far held indicate? If the Republicans should win the election next November, do you think that would mean that the people of the United States wish to remain outside the League of Nations?

The Republican Policy Toward the Farm

What is a "basic industry"? Is farming *the* basic industry in America? Can you name any industries that are not basic, and if so, show why they are not?

What do the two leading political party platforms of 1920 say about agriculture? Is there any essential difference between the Republican and Democratic statements on agriculture as found in these platforms?

Do farmers in your locality enjoy the social status that agriculture as an industry entitles them to? If not, why don't they?

It is well known that farmers do not secure reasonable profits upon their capital and labor. Why is this so?

Do you think farming should be organized upon a strictly modern scientific basis? Are farmers organizing in this manner? If farming should become so organized, would that make any difference in the price of foodstuffs?

Do you think farm laborers should work longer hours and for less pay than do factory and office workers? Do they?

About one-third of the people of the United States are employed in raising farm products. Would it be well for them to have one-third of the representation in our Federal and State Governments?

What is meant by co-operative buying and selling of farm products and supplies? To what extent has such co-operation been effected? What are the benefits of such co-operation to the consumer and the farmer?

How does a farmers' exchange operate? A milk producers' association? What do you know about the New York Dairymen's League? The New England Milk Producers' Association and the Eastern States Movement? How important are these organizations in our economic life?

What are the provisions of the Federal Farm Loan Act? Should it be administered more liberally? Do you consider the Act class legislation?

Here are some valuable and interesting books on farming: "The Place of Agriculture in Reconstruction," by J. B. Norman (Dutton); "Agricultural Economics," by H. C. Taylor (Macmillan); "Helping Men Own Farms," by E. Mead (Macmillan).

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

The One Thing Needful

It is *not* written anywhere in Scripture—

"Blessed is the nation whose President is Cox—or Harding."

It *is* written—

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Ps. 33: 12

A Nation Without God Cannot Be Saved By Political Expediency

We invite Christians of every name to join in an effort to put our national life on a truly Christian Basis

America Needs Christ

Write for Literature and Posters

The Witness Committee
119 Federal Street
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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THE CHURCH AS A JUDGE

HAS IT TRIED TO BE ONE? MUST IT BE ONE IN ORDER TO ASCERTAIN THE TRUTH?

I—THE CHURCH AS PUBLIC DEFENDER

IN the editorial article on "The Church and the Strike" in your issue of August 11 you put the Interchurch Commission in the attitude of a judge. I have not been able to read up the whole report, but it seems to me that the Interchurch took the part of a Public Defender. In our State of Connecticut we have in our courts a Public Defender. The judge tries the case; the prosecuting attorney seeks to prove the guilt of the defendant; the Public Defender, with or without the defendant's own counsel, seeks to see that a fair trial is given and to prove the defendant innocent if he is not guilty.

The parties concerned in this strike were the Steel Corporation and its employees. The public was the judge. The Steel Corporation interests apparently proved to the public that the employees were to blame; but there was no public defender until the Interchurch Commission took hold. They presented the facts as they believed they found them.

I will confess that before this my impression as I read the papers, at the time, was that the employees were to blame. The public is the judge as to the findings of the Commission, and I am convinced myself, now, that the Steel Corporation has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

You ask, "Is this the sort of task the church ought to undertake, the sort of a task the church is fitted to undertake, is it the sort of task it has a moral right to undertake?" To these questions I give the emphatic answer, YES! You leave out the word *Christian* before "Church." Christ did refuse to settle petty disputes between two selfish parties, but he was ever ready to seek to befriend and defend the oppressed. Therefore the Christian Church ought to do it. With the spirit of Christ within it, it is fitted to do it, and what it ought to do, and is fitted to do, it has a moral right to undertake. I think in one of your concluding paragraphs you really concede it. Certainly you would if you could get away from the idea that the Commission is acting as judge.

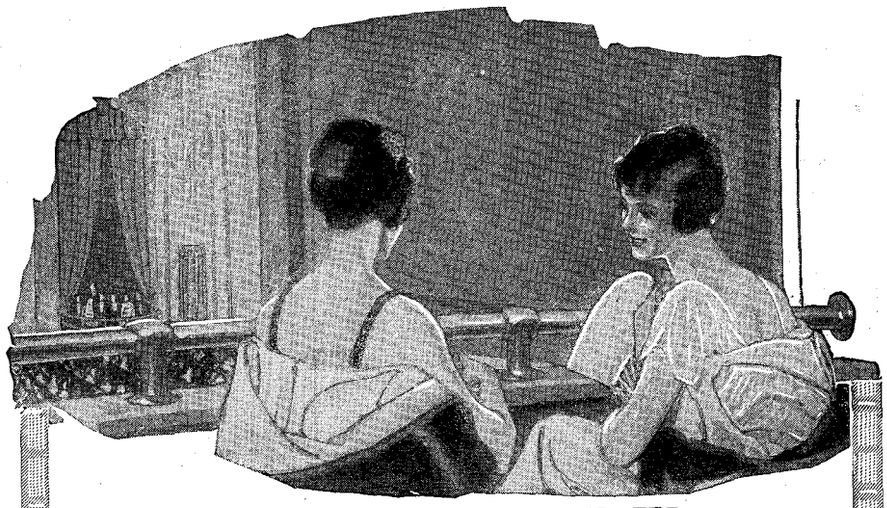
(Rev.) W. E. WHEELER.

Wethersfield, Connecticut.

II—HOW IS THE CHURCH TO GET THE FACTS?

I have read your editorial in the issue of August 11 on "The Church and the Strike" with interest and profit. With most of it I am in accord. I find myself questioning, however, one or two points.

I assume that The Outlook believes that the Church is under obligation to Christianize industry—otherwise you would not have said in your editorial: "It becomes the Church to take note of injustice, to be indignant against the unjust, and to use its moral power to rescue the oppressed." How is the Church to know where and when injustice exists and who are the unjust unless it has the right to investigate industrial conditions? I do not see how the Church is to apply Christian principles to industry unless she has a knowledge of the conditions. She cannot get this knowledge without the opportunity of examination into the facts. This is exactly what the Interchurch Commission sought to do. There may be some difference of opinion



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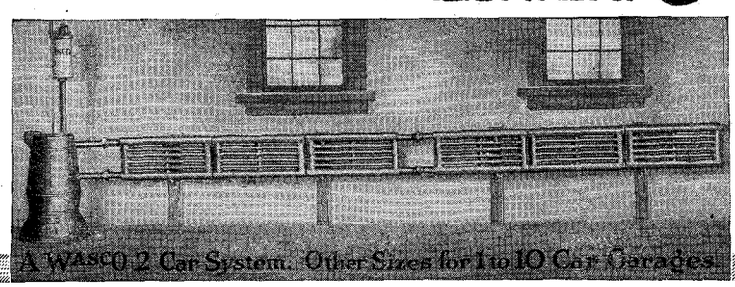

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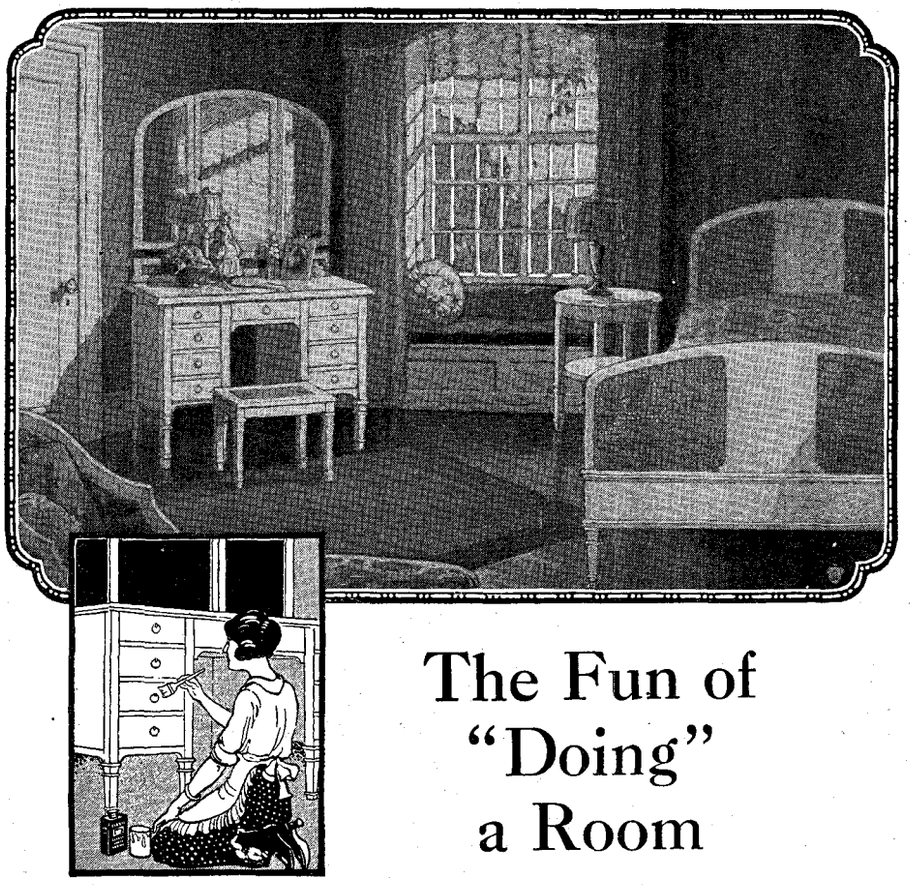

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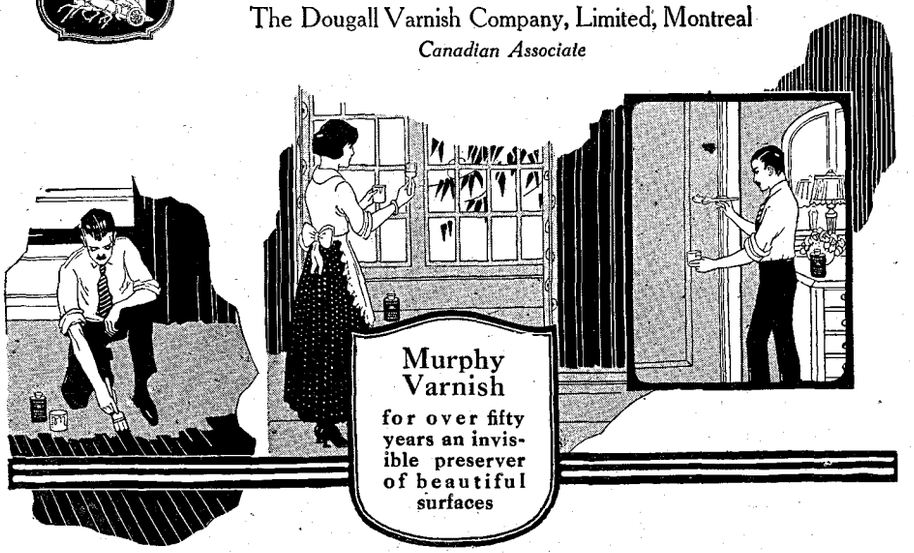

THE CHURCH AS A JUDGE
(Continued)

as to whether the Commission's methods were the wisest and the best—that I concede at once—but what I am seeking to know now is how the Church can carry out your contention as quoted above without the right of investigation as to the facts in a given situation. Does not the Church have the right to judge as to whether the principles for which she stands are operating in a given situation? Are you not practically shutting the Church out of industry altogether when you prohibit her from trying to ascertain for herself the facts at first hand? Certainly the Church ought not to condemn injustice or the unjust without the facts which reveal these conditions. *How is she to get the facts?*

JOHN MCDOWELL.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

[An editorial entitled "I Came Not to Judge the World" and concerned with the subject of these letters appears on another page.—THE EDITORS.]

CONCERNING THE OFFICER

BY CARSON C. HATHAWAY

During the war everything was all right, whether it was the abundance of cooties in France or the absence of sugar in the home land. "*C'est la guerre*," we said, and murmured not. To-day we have swung to the other extreme. The anvil chorus is in full control. Among its victims are the League of Nations, hammered unmercifully by the Senate; the English Government, hammered by the Irish brethren; and the commissioned officers of the United States Army.

A few words concerning the bombardment of the last-named individuals may not be out of place. Nurses from overseas lament the officer's deficiencies, doughboys recount his failings, and Congressmen shake their heads in dismay.

The reasons for the existence of criticism are not hard to find. The American citizen is the most independent mortal on the face of the earth. Ordinarily he lives and moves and has his being subject only to the weather man and his own conscience. But war is not only uncomfortable, as General Sherman said, but extremely inconsiderate of persons. In order to preserve his liberty from a foreign foe John J. Doughboy had temporarily to give up his liberty to the tender mercies of his superior officers. They bathed him, exercised him, fed him, and put him to bed, all according to schedule. It was a brand-new experience for John. The officer was responsible for the performance of all the public duties of every private in his command. If John failed to keep step, he had to be admonished accordingly and there was no time to say "please." Many a soldier's feelings suffered a rude shock before he learned to do squads right; some of the men haven't recovered yet.

Added to this feature of the story, bear in mind that forty-eight per cent of the officers in our Army had been soldiers about three months longer than the men under their command. Only one officer out of six had previous military experience. At the time of the signing of the armistice there were 200,000 commissioned officers in our Army, and of this number 6,000 had come from the old Regular Army and the others had received their commissions after

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CONCERNING THE OFFICER
(*Continued*)

graduating from officers' training camps. Concerning the two colonels and the one lieutenant-colonel who graduated from such camps little has been said, but concerning the 62,445 second lieutenants the dictionary has long since been exhausted.

Through no fault of their own these men were called upon to do a new job. A man can't learn to lay bricks in three months, much less command men. Many a young officer bitterly regretted his sudden rise to power, secretly longing for "private life" if for no other reason than to escape the flood of criticism that he knew was coming his way. Officers are like warts; their lack of usefulness is lamented the more they are exposed to public view.

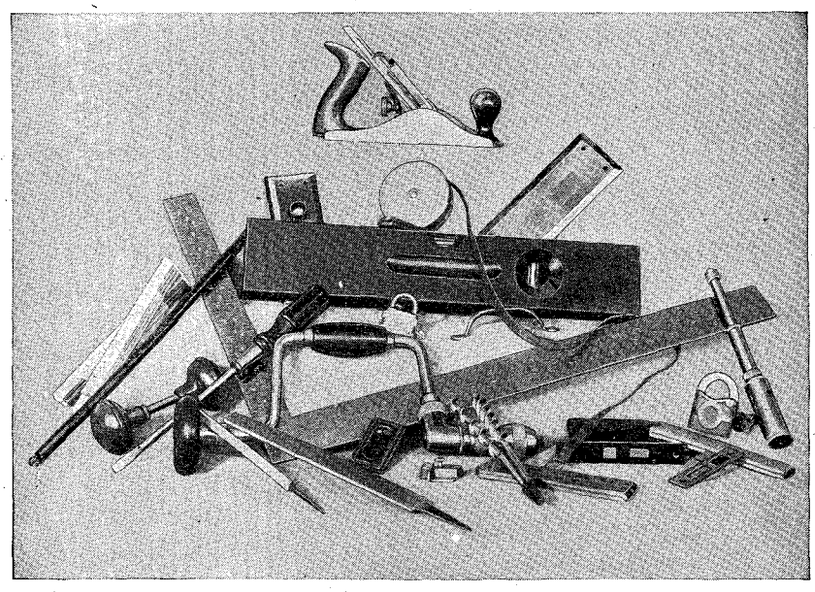
The dislike of the officer is but another evidence of the power of the association of ideas. Every soldier was required to do a certain amount of disagreeable work, such as kitchen police and physical drill. The latter was enjoyed by the youngsters, but as for the older men—how their knees did crack and their backs ache! After a man had, under threat of unknown punishment, performed the "side straddle hop with arms overhead" for some fifty times he was ready to swear eternal vengeance upon the lieutenant and his descendants to the third and fourth generation. Later, when real hardships were met, the resentment did not die away, though the officers were only accompanying factors in the inevitable discomforts of war.

If the officer happened to be a young sprout with only a trace of fuzz on his upper lip, so much the worse. It was one of the regrettable features of our military procedure that it was difficult to obtain older men to act as officers. The War Department appealed valiantly, but almost in vain. This feature of the problem did not add to the morale of the doughboy. An officer is theoretically supposed to be the father of his company, but it is difficult, if not impossible, for a boy of nineteen to be father to a man of thirty-five.

Finally, the American doughboy took it very much to heart whenever the officers seemed to be having a soft time of it. They ate at separate mess, wore better clothes, and had privileges denied to the enlisted man. The fact that they paid for their meals and bought all their equipment at scandalous prices did not soften the feeling in John Doughboy's heart. His democratic tastes were offended. A democracy does not tend to produce a feeling of respect for superiors. So the doughboy thought to himself, "Why should I have to salute at every turn?—he is no better than I am!"

It was not the particular officer, as a rule, who aroused the soldier's animosity. His own captain was probably all right, providing the "chow" was forthcoming at regular intervals. It was the genus officer who aroused his ire. The stranger who called him down for not saluting properly or the passing officer who seemed to put on airs stirred up a bitter feeling not to be eradicated by all the popular officers in the regiment.

But, aside from such objections, which might be very difficult to remove under any system, the fact remains that the officers were little better or worse than any cross-section of the intelligent manhood of our country. The United States called for leaders and took the best material at its disposal. The majority rose from the rank



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CONCERNING THE OFFICER
(Continued)

and file of the citizenship of the country. Every soldier who showed qualities of leadership had the opportunity to become an officer. Men were constantly being withdrawn from their units and sent to officers' training camps.

In a certain company which later attained some slight distinction there was a private who signed his check for ten thousand dollars without batting an eyelash, but he remained a private to the end of his military career. In the same company a red-haired Irishman without visible means of support was a corporal in ten days and a lieutenant two months later. The one was a business success; the other, a natural born fighter and leader of men.

There is more truth than poetry in the song recently popularized, "I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now." Many a man who marched away to war returned several military notches above the president of the local bank to whom he had looked up as a business and social superior. All of which goes to show that the qualities necessary for success in military and in civil life are not the same. General Grant failed in business, yet as a military leader he had few superiors. Napoleon was almost an outcast in his boyhood days, yet he nearly dominated the world by force of arms.

It may be well to remember that real officers are born and not made. There were thousands of soldiers in the United States Army who could not read and write their own names. Such men would hardly make good officers, though as individual fighting men they might be superb. On the other hand, many a man with a university degree might be entirely incapable of leadership. Such men sometimes won commissions, yet they were not real officers. A mere eagle on the shoulder can never transform a colonel out of a "nut."

Some officers were failures simply because they were out of their element. An infantry officer must be physically above the average, and must possess a personality which inspires his men to excel. A fat officer in the Quartermaster Corps might be a failure in the line and yet be a wonder in his own field. But a mistake in adjustment was irretrievable. It was easier to get a transfer to heaven than to another branch of the service. Again the doughboy paid the penalty for the weakness of his superiors, and grumbled accordingly.

It may, after all, be agreed that the officer was an average sort of a person, possessing human faults, some personal and some springing from the rigidity of the military procedure, for which he was not at all to blame. Some day we may fight a war with the army composed of all privates—the French tried that; or we may have an army of generals, according to the Mexican fashion. In either case we may look back with a more appreciative eye to the officers of to-day.

AND THEY WONDER WHY EDITORS SEE RED

Having just received The Outlook dated September 1, and on reading the article by Luther Fry on page 18 ["And They Wonder Why We're Red"] I wish to express my indignation and disgust at The Outlook for publishing such propaganda favoring the I. W. W. This article, as I verily believe, was composed from the

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AND THEY WONDER WHY EDITORS SEE RED

(*Continued*)

whole cloth in the imagination of Fry. He never met such a man and no such conversation ever took place. However, it is flimsy stuff. Why would a man go out to a lumber camp and ask for a soft job? Lumbering is the hardest kind of work. A fellow who wants a loafing job, as the I. W. W. fellows generally do, always goes where they know such jobs cannot be had. Why should the company's doctor treat a man who comes to work for the company sick before he begins? If this fellow was in the Army and in France, as he states, the Government at Washington was the proper place for him to apply, since his wounds rendered him unable to work. Truly, I am surprised that The Outlook will print such stuff.

This article will do much good to incite I. W. W.'s to make trouble. The "intrepid lumberjack" does no harder work than the fireman in the depth of the steamship. Scrubwomen do as hard work as he does. The farmer works without limit of time and at all times at the hardest kind of work. One would think The Outlook sympathizes with Victor Berger and the five Assemblymen in New York. I am truly puzzled at The Outlook. WILLIAM W. WELCH.

Paterson, New Jersey.

THE SHOP HAND AND THE FARM HAND

In all the enlightening discussion that has gone on in the various publications, The Outlook included, it seems to the writer that some things have been quite forgotten or overlooked. Men who are frantically endeavoring to keep up with the amazing speed of the high cost of living seem to think that the higher the wages, the more easily can one keep his head above water, forgetting that there are other elements to be considered, and that conditions and environment count for much. First, let us look for a moment at the shop hand. His work is always under cover. He is protected from sun and storm. There are ventilation and fresh-air appliances. Sometimes cool waters run through his place of work. In winter the shop is kept warm. It is sanitary. Often he remains for many hours at the bench or machine, hardly changing his position, or he sits and watches his machine, carefully adjusting it, oiling it, caring for its production. He has his eye upon the clock. He rings in and rings out. There is much monotony, little sociability. Seldom is he in close contact with the "old man," as he designates his employer. His foreman, too, often more or less a stranger to him. He is never supposed to be invited to the home of his employer; never takes a meal with him, cares nothing for him; has no special interest in what is going on more than to get his wage. Nor is he always very eager to earn what is paid him. After he rings out at night he leaves all his cares, so far as his work is concerned, and goes home, quite frequently to his rented home. After his evening meal he goes out on the street with the boys, attends the movies or the card table, or strolls here and there. If he has an auto (and now most of the shop men have them), he goes for a drive. He spends little time at home with his family. As a rule, he does not read much. He is too weary or absorbed in other things. No matter how

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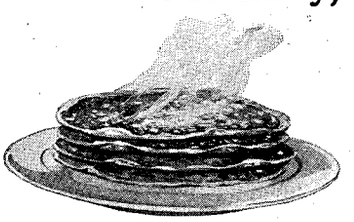

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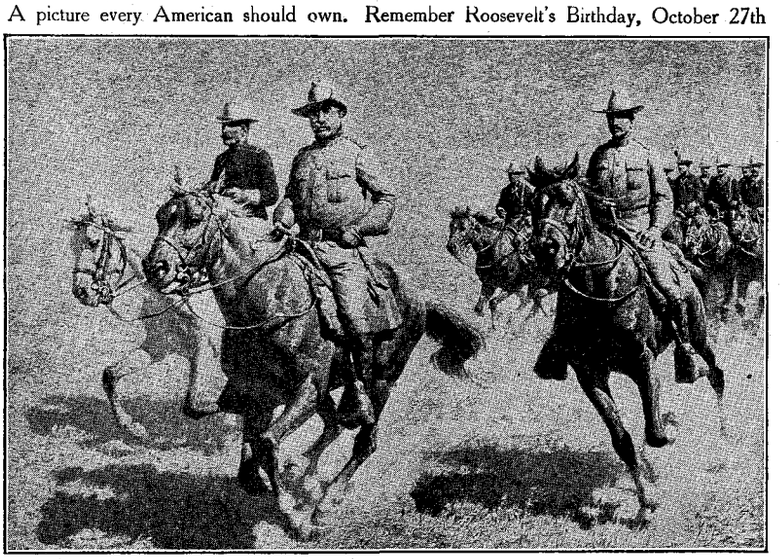

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THE SHOP HAND AND THE FARM HAND

(*Continued*)

high his wages, he usually spends all he makes to the last dollar. These things are true, not only of the machinist, but of the bookkeeper, the clerk. Many of the latter are young people away from home. They rent a room, get their meals when and where they can, often living on two meals a day. They dress well, often better than their employers. They spend money freely for all they desire—tobacco, candy, soft drinks, the movies. The doctor finds his largest practice among these people. Many of them are buying homes on the installment plan, buying autos on the installment plan, buying their clothing and furniture on the installment plan.

The man in the shop is working forever with things—dead things, things controlled by mechanical laws. His machine is never responsive to his perplexities or his heartache. Some of these men attend night schools and are pushing on, with an eye to promotion and more money. Many, very many, are unmarried men.

With the farm hand, or the "hired man," all these things are very different, widely different. He works by the month. He is supposed to rest or do lighter work about the barn or house when it rains. He loses no time. He is in the open, under the blue skies or clouded skies. He gets the fresh breeze. Of course sometimes it is very warm; at other times it is biting cold. Sometimes there is mud, at other times dust. He tramps over the soft earth. He handles various tools, never confined to one for any length of time. It is mower, or reaper, or plow, or fork, or rake, or potato digger. He is in close contact with life—growing, beautiful, and interesting life. The birds sing for him, the flowers bloom for him, the sunset and sunrise glories are for him. The freshest fruits and best vegetables are for him. He is acquainted with his "boss." He sleeps under the same roof and eats at the table with the farmer's family. He is one of that family, and often a very welcome one. He does not ring in in the morning and ring out at night. He does not watch the clock. He can but have some keen interest in what he is doing. He grows anxious about what he has helped to plant and cares for the ripened crops. He is on familiar terms with "Tom and Jerry," the team he drives, and with "Old Bess and Molly," the cows he milks. The sprightly pigs and the skipping lambs are a source of delight to him. He develops a real fondness for "Fido," the dog, and "Brindle," the cat. He plays with the farmer's children, and finds in the farmer's wife a real motherly soul, interested in him. When night comes, he sits with the family and reads the paper or talks on agriculture and current events. It is not uncommon to find on the farmer's table the best of farm journals, best daily papers, and such periodicals as The Outlook. These the hired man can enjoy freely. When Sunday morning comes, the hired man is invited to ride to the little country church with the family, and may enjoy as good a sermon as he would or could in the city. This is not always true, but sometimes it is true. Last year the following circumstances came under the writer's observation. They are well worth pondering, for they have probably been repeated in many communities:

There was a farmer who needed help. He had a good tenant house. He gave a man from the city the use of that house, a

THE SHOP HAND AND THE FARM HAND

(*Continued*)

fine garden of half an acre, the use of one of the best cows, and a pen for a pig. That house in the city would rent for $25 per month. That cow was worth to that man's family $100 a year. That pig, when fattened, could have been sold for at least $60. The farmer paid the man and his son, a boy about eighteen years of age, each $60 a month, or $1,440 for the year, besides all the garden, cow, and pig, which latter the hired man kept at his own cost. The cow was fed by the farmer. At the end of the year that hired man had saved the first hundred dollars in all his life. He was not satisfied. About six months ago he left the farm, came to the city, rented a house at $30 per month. He had to pay for moving, has no garden, no cow, no pig. After six months he has spent the $100 and is now deeply in debt, and yet he and his son have each averaged not less than $5 a day since coming back to the city. Why is this? The trouble is not hard to find. While this man and his son have really earned more cash in the last six months than they did in the preceding twelve months, their expenses have gone far ahead of their earnings. Now they pay 65 cents for butter, $4 a bushel for potatoes, 14 cents a quart for milk. Their clothing is much more expensive; they go with the crowd to the movies. The doctor calls frequently—at the rate of $3 per call in daylight and $5 a call at night. Meat for that family is no small item. There is often lost time. Yet the lure of the city has been so powerful and that rushing life so potent to draw that this family, like tens of thousands of others, are in the swim. The farmers are heroically struggling and offering really more in one form or another of compensation to workers, but their call is unheard or unheeded.

Some time, in some way, the eyes of the masses will be opened.

C. W. STEPHENSON.

Lansing, Michigan.

IS THIS TYPICAL?

I am by profession a music teacher, and have pupils of all nations and classes come to my studio. About a year ago a young woman came who happened to be a native of Tipperary, Ireland. She was a member of the peasant class of the most self-respecting kind.

She had been to the parochial school at home, and had a fair common-school education. In the course of conversation (without the least idea of quizzing on my part) I gradually found this person to be absolutely uninformed about some facts of political geography. Her ignorance to me seemed incomprehensible almost. To sum it up, I found she had no idea of the extent of the British Empire. She had not even heard of India, Australia, or New Zealand. She had no idea Scotland and England were under the same Government, and asked, "Where is Wales?" "I've met people," said she, "who said they were British and that they came from Wales, and I wondered where Wales might be."

Now to what extent does such ignorance exist among the mass of the Irish people? If such ignorance is general, one need not be surprised at many things. It has occurred to me that perhaps they never even heard of the German invasion of Belgium or the massacre of the Armenians.

A. W.

White Plains, New York.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

INDUCEMENTS TO SAVE

DURING the early part of the summer the stock market was very inactive and price changes from day to day and week were extremely slight. The volume of business in both stocks and bonds was small, and quotations were generally lower than they had been in some time. Business is apt to be slack in the summer. Quotations were low principally because of high money rates; also as a result of the industrial unrest and uncertainty in this country and the political and economic conditions obtaining throughout practically the whole world. Investors and dealers in securities were inclined to caution; too many disturbing things seemed on the point of happening to justify any prolonged upward swing of security prices. The public was loth to buy, and without the participation of the public the market seldom goes very far forward. And yet when things looked their worst and gloom was most widespread a banker who was asked to give his opinion concerning the prospect for better things replied, without hesitation, "Buy anything on the list, except the motors.' This, of course, was a general statement, and to be accepted as such, with allowances. His opinion, however, was the one generally held by men in a position to speak with authority. Moreover, he was merely stating the old, old rule, that the time to buy is when things look blackest.

What has happened since that time? Industrial conditions in this country have shown unmistakable signs of improve-

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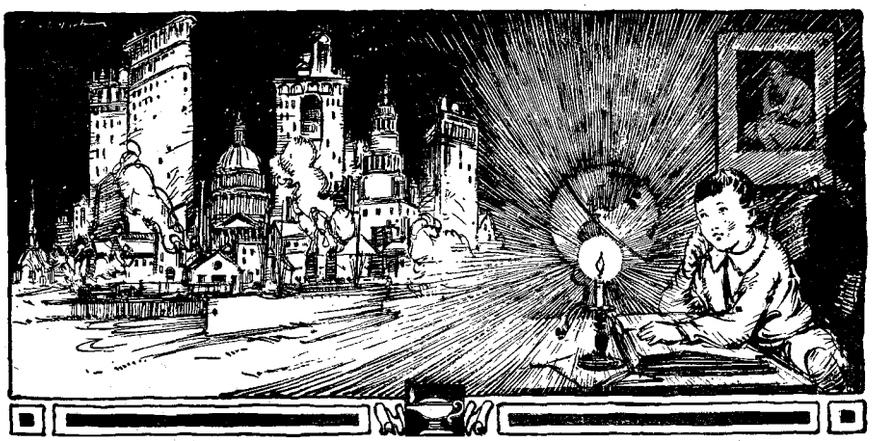
ment. The Bolshevist menace to Poland has been pretty definitely removed, and the money situation looks better than it did. A readjustment in business is under way. Producers and manufacturers of luxuries and non-essentials have been hard hit in many cases, but their troubles are reacting to the benefit of the more essential industries. The crops are fine and labor has been available to harvest them. The Inter-State Commerce Commission has come to the aid of the railways, and the outlook for them is brighter than it has been in some years. These are some of the favorable factors contributing to the recent rise in security prices, and the feeling that this rise is more than a temporary condition is rather widespread.

Then there is the political situation to be considered. If we remember correctly, it was George Ade who, in commenting on Presidential elections, made the remark that a certain man was going to exercise the right of every American citizen to go up to the polls in November and vote against the party in power. This remark summarizes American character extremely well. Whatever we've got, we want something different. If the Administration is Democratic, we want the next one Republican, or *vice versa*, because we always seem to think that a change is going to benefit us. We are all of us full of hope. We believe the coming Administration is going to correct all the mistakes of the one just passed, that the country will be busy and prosperous. Right now, in what is known as Wall Street the betting is from two to three to one that Harding will be elected. In other words, the belief is prevalent there that we are going to have a change of Administration, and, with the usual optimistic view of such an event, the outlook seems brighter. Further, securities usually discount coming events well in advance, and for this reason many people are predicting an upward movement of prices as a forecast of the election result. As a matter of fact, statistics show that in Presidential election years this thing usually happens; that the election of a President is construed as a bullish argument and security prices go up. In most instances this rise has got under way about September, and is apt to continue for some time after election.

It is entirely possible that history will repeat itself this fall. Many people think it will, at any rate, and opinion is in the main bullish. For weeks and months banks and brokerage houses have been advocating the purchase of railway securities, and it would seem as if their advice had been heeded. Recently there has been a pronounced improvement in railway bonds, and railway stocks too have responded to the demand for them. This rise in the price of railway securities has been more or less at the expense of the industrials, which have not been in particular favor. As always happens, "the market" discounts the future, and the new rates granted the railways promise welcome relief to the sorely pressed carriers; their securities, therefore, have advanced in price, discounting the benefits to come. On the other hand, industrials (all statements must of necessity be general and have exceptions) have lost some of their former popularity. Many of them enjoyed unprecedented prosperity when the war was on; at that time their products could be sold regardless of price; but times are changing. Costs have gone down but little, and competition has increased; wages generally have gone



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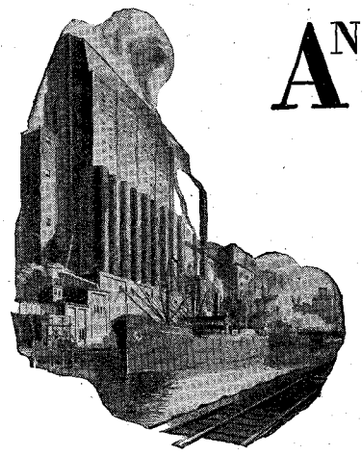

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(Continued)

up, and there is a growing reluctance on the part of our people to pay the high prices asked, so that manufacturers are growing cautious, and in many instances have curtailed production. Restricted credit has hampered these companies, too, and, on the whole, there remain many problems for them still unsolved. Commenters on the market usually agree, however, that industrial conditions are gradually improving, and that improvement should be steady; also it is predicted that as the year advances money is going to be easier to get for legitimate enterprises.

Here and there in the market are what might be termed "soft spots," but, on the whole, sentiment is favorable to higher quotations. Evidences are many that there is great buying power under the market. Almost every one seems to have money he plans to use for the purchase of securities. People have been waiting all summer for signs that the proper time to buy has come, and of course every one wants to buy at the bottom price and just before prices start to go up. It would be very nice indeed if this were possible. What is apt to happen, however, is about as follows: A man has his eye on a certain security; he intends to buy it at a certain price, and, although it nearly reaches the price he has fixed, it does not quite get there. Then he discovers that his favorite security is gradually going up. He gets nervous, but does not buy because he has a certain price still in his mind, and hopes against hope that it will be possible to purchase at his figure. Meanwhile the quotation goes steadily up and at length he becomes panicky and buys anyway. Presently he may discover that he has bought somewhere near the top, and, due to the fact that he tried so hard to get the bottom price, he "missed his market" and paid considerably more than would have been necessary if he had not tried to get such a bargain. This little story shows how "the public" oftentimes buys its securities. The wise man of experience, however, pays more attention to value than price—at least value is his first consideration—and he makes no attempt to save a point or a half a point if he believes the security he wants is good. And a man who invests in this way is going to fare much better than the other in the long run.

At the present moment many people are worrying because security prices have gone up while they have held off and therefore not obtained the benefit of the rise. The real question, however, is whether securities are worth what they are selling for today. If they are, they are worth buying. As a matter of fact, there are plenty of high-grade investments still considered cheap. Suppose they do go down again. If the value is in them, this need not cause worry. Moreover, it would seem as if the readjustment taking place in the business and banking world were laying the foundation for future prosperity. And there is nothing which will help the world more or bring conditions back to normal more quickly than thrift and saving on the part of the general public. Has there ever been a greater inducement to save than the present high yield of good investments? It is an opportunity which few can afford to overlook.

* * *

The Government of the French Republic has just sold in this country $100,000,000 twenty-five-year external gold loan 8 per cent sinking fund bonds at 100 and interest. Beginning December 15, 1920, the French Government is to pay not less than $4,400,000 annually to the sinking fund trustees. These payments during the first five years are to be applied to the purchase of bonds in the market up to and including 110 and accrued interest, and the subsequent payments made will be applied to the call of bonds by lot sufficient to redeem at 110 all of the bonds at or before maturity. The principal, premium, and interest are payable in New York in United States gold coin without any deduction for French taxes, present or future. These bonds are an unconditional obligation of the Government of the French Republic repayable in New York City in dollars. They are issued in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000 and may be registered as to principal. They may be purchased through any bank—which will also collect the interest coupons when due—and are a most attractive investment.

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RE WE TO BE INTELLIGENT VOTERS THIS FALL?

How am I going to vote this fall?

The millionaire and his wife must answer this question. The business man and woman must answer this question. The farmer and his wife must answer this question. The professional man and woman must answer this question. The poorest in our slums must answer this question. Every American citizen, native or foreign-born, must answer this question.

Whom am I going to vote for? I do not know yet, but I am giving much thought to the question and spending hours in reading and study; and it seems to me that the present paramount duty of every American citizen is to prepare himself or herself to be an intelligent voter at the fall election.

While my preparation is far from complete, I am going to state briefly the work I have done and the plan I am following, with the hope that others may find it serviceable in making themselves valuable citizens of our Republic.

In the first place, I would suggest that every one read the article "Political Culture," by J. Madison Gathany, published in The Outlook for June 30, 1920. I found this article to be most interesting, instructive, and inspiring. Mr. Gathany's essay will serve well as a foundation for our study.

Second. I suggest that every family or individual take a good National daily paper that is independent and fair. If it is not possible to find such a paper, then take two, a Democratic and a Republican. Get both sides of the question.

Third. Take a good National weekly magazine dealing with current problems (*i. e.*, The Outlook or "Literary Digest," or, better yet, both).

Fourth. Take a good National monthly magazine dealing with current problems (*i. e.*, the "American Review of Reviews" or "Current History"). I mention these magazines because I am acquainted with them and find them very serviceable. I think it is a good plan for a person to have a few regular magazines, also to make use of as many publications as he can obtain.

There are two National issues that are predominant in this year's election. These are: 1. Our foreign policy (our international relations). 2. Our form of government at home.

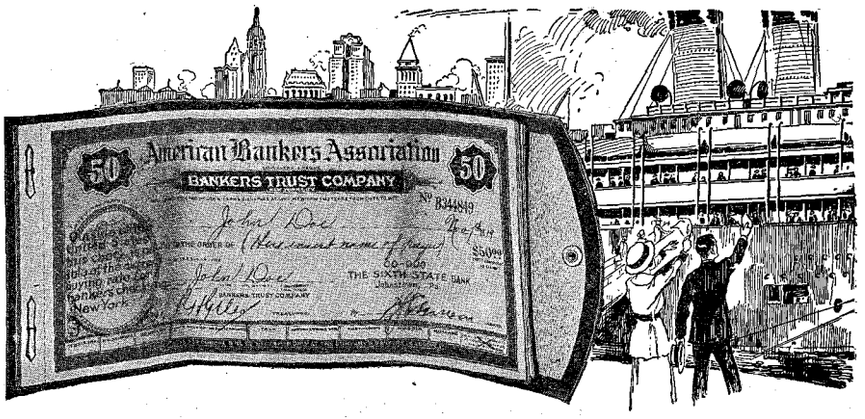
In reference to the first of these, any history of American diplomacy should give a good account of our foreign policy. I have used Fish's "American Diplomacy."

In reference to the second, I am reading Bryce's "The American Commonwealth." For an understanding of the fundamentals of the American theory of government and for a story of the development of our Presidential office, our Congress, and our Supreme Court this book is the best authority that can possibly be found.

This is a work of two large volumes, and a study of the entire work would be almost an impossibility for the ordinary person to complete in so short a time. For the topics named above it would be best to give the most intensive study to Part I, Volume I. For one who has time, the two complete volumes contain matter that is of value to every American and every one interested in America and democratic government.

The public libraries are open and free, and the American public has a duty and an opportunity.

FRED R. BUSH,
Instructor in Junior High School.
Battle Creek, Michigan.



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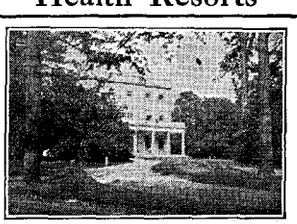

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